

DR. CROWELL.

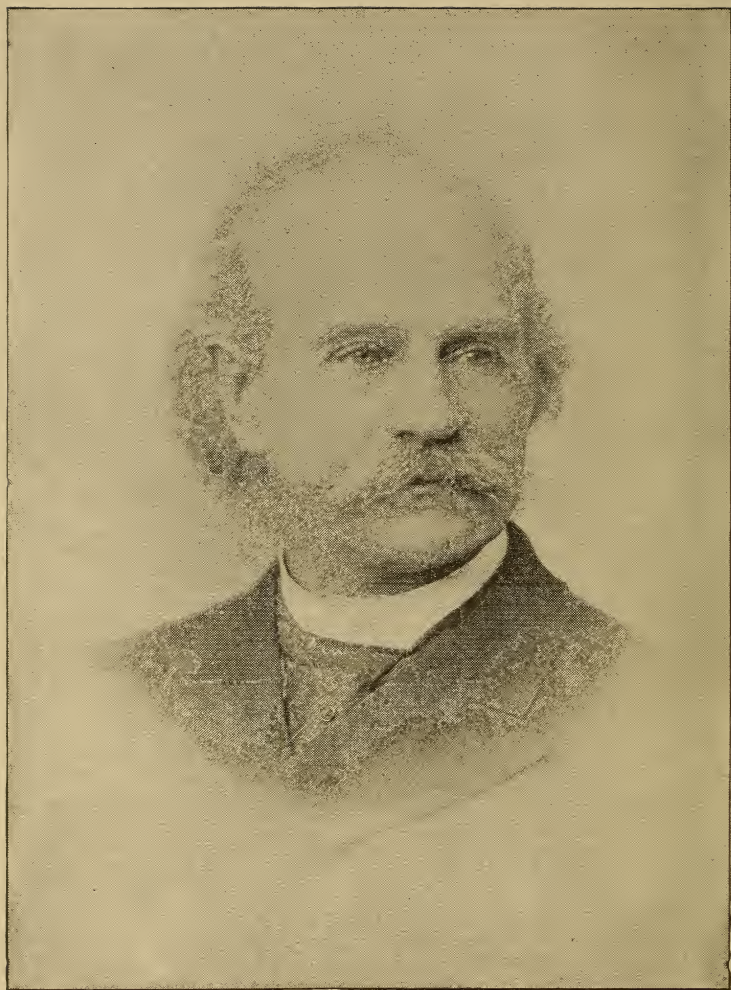




Class R154

Book C8I5





James Vane Trudy.
Hawell.

R154
C815

g2024
'01

PRESS OF
CHASE BROTHERS,
HAVERHILL, MASS.
1891.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

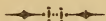
ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

PREFACE.



It is believed that many who carry in their hearts the remembrance of Dr. Crowell's spoken and written utterances will value a memorial of them in a form which will help to keep his personality as a vivid and living presence. His words were indeed but a small part of the man, and it is perhaps not the choicest or most eloquent which are given here. Still these selections from his writings will fulfill their aim if they represent Dr. Crowell in varied aspects of his character, and recall and fix impressions which his strong individuality made upon those who knew him, if they reveal not only his brilliant and versatile intellect, but the warmth and tenderness of his heart, and if those who loved him and whom he loved till the end, feel on reading them, as if his voice were still speaking and his influence still reaching forth to them, from the larger life to which he has gone.

CONTENTS.



	<i>Page.</i>
I. SKETCH OF DR. CROWELL. - - - -	9
II. CLUB PAPERS.	
SOME CURIOSITIES IN LITERATURE, - -	29
SOURCES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, - -	65
III. ADDRESSES.	
ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASS. MEDICAL SOCIETY, - - - - - - - -	97
ADDRESS ON THE PRESENTATION OF THE PORTRAIT OF HARRIET NEWELL TO THE BRADFORD ACAD- EMY, - - - - - - - -	133
IV. SELECTIONS.	
A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, - - - -	143
THE OLD BRIDGE, - - - - -	149
SUMMER TALK, - - - - -	155
ABOUT DOGS, - - - - - -	161
THE OLD BURYING GROUND, - - -	164
SHADE TREES, - - - - - -	167
THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE, - - -	173
BOYS, - - - - - - -	176
RESPONSE AT A DINNER OF THE MASS. MEDICAL SOCIETY, - - - - - -	181
RESPONSE AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER AT ATKINSON ACADEMY, - - -	186
SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS, - - - -	190
CHURCH MUSIC — A Fragment, - - -	196
OVER, - - - - - - -	199

CONTENTS— *Continued.*

V. POETRY.

POEM READ AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MONDAY EVENING CLUB, - -	207
MAY STORM ON THE MERRIMACK IN 1808, -	219
AN OCTOBER IDYL, - - - - -	223
A MEMORY—REV. B. F. H., - - - - -	226
IN MEMORIAM—M. W. W., - - - - -	229
BELLE, - - - - -	231
IN PEACE, - - - - -	233
THE BURIAL—B. F. G., - - - - -	236
THE OLD SHIP-YARD, 1835, - - - - -	238
IN OLDEN TIME, - - - - -	242
POEM READ AT THE BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE BRADFORD CHURCH, - - - - -	249

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Biographical Sketch.



Dr. John Crowell was the son of John and Anne (Greenleaf) Crowell, and was born in Water Street, Haverhill, September 28, 1823. His early education was chiefly under the direction of his maternal uncle, Benjamin Greenleaf, the celebrated teacher and mathematician, whom he greatly loved and revered and under whom he fitted for college. His health rendered him unable to pursue his studies for a time, but afterwards, although he did not enter college, he kept abreast with its curriculum.

He spent several years in teaching, becoming at the age of twenty-one, Principal of the School Street Grammar School in this city, where he won a marked reputation as an instructor. Among his pupils were many who have since attained distinction in public affairs, or have filled useful and honorable positions

in private life and who have occasion for gratitude to Dr. Crowell for the instruction and influence under whose impulse the foundations of character and future success were laid.

The work of teaching was resigned for the study of medicine under the direction of Dr. George Cogswell of Bradford, who had a wide reputation as a practitioner of medicine and surgery. This study was continued under Professor James McClintock in Philadelphia, and afterwards in the Pennsylvania Hospital in the same city. In 1850 he was graduated with honor from the Philadelphia College of Medicine, and in 1851 began practice in his native city.

Here he resided during the rest of his life, becoming known not only as a physician, but in connection with numerous important positions of trust. For many years he was a member of the School Board, generally as its chairman. In 1878 he was elected one of the Trustees of the Haverhill Public Library. In 1880 he was made chairman of the recently established Board of Health. On the establishment of the City Hospital in 1882, he was appointed one of the Trustees, and on the organization of the Board was chosen secretary. In 1883 he became a Trustee of Bradford Academy and was elected secretary of the Board, and was for years lecturer

upon architecture and literature at that Institution.

In 1856 Dr. Crowell was made a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and in 1881 and 1882 was president of the Essex North District Medical Society, which is a branch of the State Society.

In August, 1883, he was appointed one of the Consulting Board of Physicians at Danvers Asylum by the Trustees of that Institution.

Besides the duties of his profession, Dr. Crowell's literary labors were many and varied. Among the papers written for the Massachusetts Medical Society may be mentioned the following: Diseases of the Rectum, 1856; Relations of Membranous Croup to Diphtheria; Asiatic Cholera, read before the New Hampshire Medical Society, 1873; Anomalies in Pregnancy, Massachusetts Society, 1878; the Human Brain and some of its Phenomena, Essex Medical Society, 1876. In June, 1884, in response to an invitation to give the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, he delivered an eloquent oration which has since been published, entitled "The Physician a Popular Educator."

In 1876, at the invitation of the City Government, he delivered the address on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of our national independence. He was also chosen to deliver the poem at the 250th

anniversary of the settlement of Haverhill, and this poem, previously prepared, was read on that occasion, two months after his death.

Dr. Crowell was one of the original members of the Haverhill Monday Evening Club, established in 1860, and took a lively interest in the social and literary life of that organization.

Among the numerous lectures, essays, reviews and other papers written by him for clubs, literary societies and periodicals, may be mentioned the following : John Ruskin, Michael Angelo, Architecture, Sources of the English Language, Thomas à Becket, Charles Lamb, English Literature in the 18th Century, Modern Homes, etc. He also wrote much for the local press, chiefly as a critic in art and literature.

Dr. Crowell was twice married ; first, June 7, 1854, to Sarah Bradley Johnson, daughter of Samuel Johnson. They had one child, William Henry, born October 6, 1857 ; died September 16, 1858. Dr. Crowell's first wife died October 21, 1859. October 31, 1861, he married Caroline Corliss, daughter of Ephraim Corliss, Haverhill.

Dr. Crowell became connected with the Center Congregational Church in 1849 and filled many responsible positions in the various departments of its work, as superintendent of the Sunday School, as

clerk of the church, and as deacon for the twenty years preceding his death.

He organized, and for many years taught, a Sunday School class of young men, the numbers of which ranged from forty or fifty to seventy and make up a total that can be reckoned only by hundreds.

During the closing months of his life Dr. Crowell was an intense sufferer from the disease that ended in his death, April 28, 1890, at the age of sixty-six years, seven months. The public funeral services were held at 2.30 P. M., May 1, at the Center Church where a large concourse of mourners assembled, members of the Monday Evening Club, the Crowell Society of Christian Endeavor, the Sunday School class of the deceased, Medical Associations, Trustees of the Public Library, Trustees of the Haverhill City Hospital and Trustees of Bradford Academy. After the singing of the anthem, "I heard a Voice from Heaven," by the choir, composed of Miss Knight, Mrs. Emerson, Messrs. Hartwell and Dole, there followed the reading of Scripture selections and remarks by the pastor, Rev. E. C. Holman, who dwelt touchingly upon the noble qualities of the deceased; singing, "Abide with Me," by the choir; remarks by Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D. D.; singing, "Lead, Kindly Light"; and prayer by the pastor. The beautiful

floral tributes gave evidence of the love and lasting remembrance of many friends. At the conclusion of the services the remains were borne to Linwood Cemetery, where on a beautiful southern slope overlooking the river and valley that Dr. Crowell loved so well, they were laid to rest, "in the hope of a blessed immortality."

This brief sketch of a life now completed can give but a faint conception of the many and various activities which filled it to the brim, but it will in itself suggest something of the character and ability of Dr. Crowell, and of the regard in which he was held by his fellow citizens. The public press at the time of his death abounded in expressions of this regard, which was still further evinced by memorial tributes paid to him on several occasions, especially at the annual meeting in December of the Whittier Club of Haverhill, of which Dr. Crowell was the president and leading spirit.

Above all these, might be placed those spontaneous expressions of feeling from the multitude who had known him more or less intimately in the various private relations of life. "How much he will be missed!" "No one can fill his place!" were words which were echoed from lip to lip, and the truth of which the months that have passed since his death have too

fully proved. He has indeed been missed in many ways and places — in the sick chamber, where he was the physician not only of the body, but also of the soul, in the Public Library, the hospital, the church, the Sunday School, the social gathering. His friendly greeting, his ever ready counsel, his quick suggestion, his indignant protest against what was unseemly or unworthy, have been and will long continue to be missed. It seemed the very irony of fate, that he should have been forbidden by a few weeks to live to be a part of the city anniversary — that he, the poet, the antiquarian, the lover of Haverhill, who above all would have honored the occasion and been honored by it, should have been able to give to it only his dying legacy of historic verse.

Yet he will always remain, almost as living and moving still, among those who walk the streets of Haverhill where there was no more conspicuous figure or noble presence than his. With his native city he had associated all that he was and all that he did, and his death snapped another link in the chain which unites the elder town with the bustling city of a later day.

He delighted in the natural scenery of Haverhill and some of the most beautiful of the poetical selections which follow, express the charm which he found

in its skies and hills, its blossoming meadows, its noble river. Equally with the scenery of the town, he loved its traditions, its historic sites, its romantic associations. He felt, too, a vivid interest in whatever concerned its material and spiritual progress, its adornment and purifying, and honorable name.

By natural characteristics as well as by training he was eminently a power for good as a citizen. A younger physician who knew Dr. Crowell well thus spoke of him in one of the most beautiful and tender tributes to his memory: "Forceful and energetic, intent on results, yet willing to yield when others pointed out the better way; of the purest habit of action, speech and even thought; of no dull temper but easily roused to a righteous wrath when occasion seemed meet; kindly affectioned, interested in general affairs, fond of social pleasures; of a fine presence, with a good voice, an unusual dignity, a courtly bearing — such a man it is not an every-day fortune to know and to lose."

Much as Dr. Crowell enjoyed the beautiful in nature, literature and art, he was no mere idealist. Every good cause found in him a ready sympathizer. With activities tireless beyond the power or willingness of most, he gave to the need of his fellow men not money alone but time and thought, the treasures

of a cultured mind, the influence of glowing speech and facile pen. Rapid in thought and ready in expression, it was a delight to him to embody the results of historical or literary research in some essay for an evening club, but no less so to throw off, glowing from the anvil of thought, some bright bit of humor, some dash of criticism, some rapid summary of a new book, so that the columns of the Haverhill Bulletin often held articles from his pen, of a grace and sparkle and vigor that suggested Addison or Lamb or Sydney Smith, and were certainly surprising as coming from a busy man, to whom literary pursuits could be little more than a recreation from more engrossing work.

And how unmistakably were they his ! If he ever tried to disguise his personality, it was sure to peep forth in some subtle turn of thought or trenchant phrase. How tender, kindly and apt were the words which he gave to the memory of the dead, and who can ever speak so fitly of him as he spoke of those friends who went before him to the unseen world ?

Yet his spoken words possessed a force and spirit even beyond the written. Let some earnest occasion touch and quicken his feelings and the whole soul of the man would spring into vivid and intense activity. How surely did he say the thing that should be said ; how unfailingly did the arrows of those "winged

words" hit the mark ; how well he understood the power of good plain English to reach the hearts of his hearers. Often amidst the little company gathered for their stated Thursday evening worship in the vestry of the Center Church, would he take up the theme of the hour very calmly and quietly, and, as he went on, find new suggestion and illustration, till in himself and others there was kindled a glow that seemed hardly less than inspiration.

It would be hard to tell what he was to his large Sunday School class, but the memory and influence of it remain with the scores of young men, for whom, like Goldsmith's preacher,

"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

This was Dr. Crowell's most congenial and fruitful field of usefulness. He delighted in opening his heart and home to the young men who came within his reach, not only in connection with his Sunday School class but in many other ways. By word and example he thus became the awakener of a new intellectual and spiritual life in numbers through whom the power of his influence still lives. The calls upon him for professional and public service seemed never to stand in the way of those opportunities, constantly occurring, of giving individual help and sympathy.

That he could bestow himself thus generously in varied directions indicates the versatility of powers which was perhaps the most remarkable thing about him. He did so many things so well. He could always find time for something more, and it was all so easy and spontaneous that no one of the many who came and went, realized his special debt. And though these ceaseless ministrations could not be otherwise than a tax upon the vital powers, yet he found in them a deep, inward joy and a perpetual refreshment.

While thus seeing much of the serious side of life, his soul was always open to all genial and sunshiny influences and full of the keenest sense of wit and humor in literature and of the ludicrous in every-day experiences. His abandon was as genuine as that of a boy and made his conversation varied and delightful. Now, it would be some sudden witticism of his own; now an apt quotation from Dickens; now a personal reminiscence in which a joke whose point, turned against himself, afforded him the keenest enjoyment. Perhaps he would catch sight of a picture of Lake Como and the name would recall some memorable evening on which, when a medical student long before, he saw a performance of the *Lady of Lyons*. Straightway in ten minutes' time, you

had a miniature reproduction of the play, where — you could scarcely tell how — scenery and stage-setting were supplied to your imagination, and there was Claude, and here, Pauline, while Dr. Crowell was both and all the actors besides, and when the curtain dropped and the audience of two or three had leisure to recover breath, you said, “What a marvellous bit of art.”

Whatever he enjoyed thus became a part of himself, from which he could impart to the pleasure of others. Every visitor to his hospitable home will remember how he lent wings to the hours by lively anecdote, happy jest or sudden bit of mimicry, as well as by more earnest thought or comment on the themes that were engrossing the minds of men in the realm of politics, science or theology. In the dwelling which his cultured taste had made so beautiful with his favorite books and pictures, his conversation was the chief charm and his presence was a never-failing sunshine.

Always was he alive to the finger-tips, touching outward existence in a thousand ways, and finding in it an overflow of blessing. Life was sweet and good to him, for he knew the blessed art of drawing the best out of men and circumstances. On his sunny bank, the first crocuses of the year blossomed ; no

garden-plot was so dainty, so velvety green, so kindly inviting to the gaze of every passer-by. Especially was he happy in that home life to which he gave the best of himself, the freshest and brightest of his talk, and to the heart of which he retreated, when the cares of outside life permitted, with a sense of security and repose that no trouble ever touched and that the lapse of years rendered only more deep and complete.

This home life, always dear and sweet, became doubly so during those final weeks and months spent in the brave, patient struggle with suffering and disease.

As the intellectual and social activities which had been a joy in days of health and vigor became more and more difficult, his soul struck the deeper roots downward towards the sweet, unfailing fountains that love and friendship, and especially the ministries of the household circle supplied.

His tender appreciation of these may be best illustrated by the following pathetic verses :

MY LOVED ONES.

My friends to me are more than kind,
They hourly lavish gifts on me ;
I seek in vain the words to find,
To tell how rich and good they be.

I breathe a wish, they run to me
To serve my will with loving care ;
Whate'er I think or do or see,
They in the blest experience share.

They come to me when o'er my head
The cloud of sorrow settles fast ;
They share my pain and lift the dread,
And wait till shades are overpast.

My home is filled with sweetest sounds,
Each voice is music to my ear ;
My inward life with peace abounds,
My rest is found securely here.

And so I lift my thanks to Him,
Who sendeth all these gifts to me ;
My faith is weak—my sight is dim,
But love and friends shall changeless be.

Thanksgiving after sickness, February 22, 1889.

Dr. Crowell's wearying and distressing illness was borne with quiet fortitude, and, though he had hoped to live a little longer to carry out certain plans to a complete fulfillment, yet the end was peace and unquestioning submission to the decree which called him hence.

To what has already been here said of Dr. Crowell, many tender and fitting words might be added from those numerous expressions of affection and respect made at the time of his death.

Dr. Crowell's life-long friend and early instructor, the venerable Dr. George Cogswell, spoke thus of his public and professional career :

"Dr. Crowell was the physician of many of the older and permanent families of Haverhill. As a practitioner, he was judicious, careful and attentive. No extravagance in practice or price marked his course. No poor widow ever complained that she had spent all her living on this physician and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. He walked the streets of Haverhill, unchallenged as a poet, scholar and Christian gentleman.

"In 1830, I commenced the practice of medicine and surgery in the town where I now reside. The subject of these remarks was then a stripling of about eight, bright, clean, scholarly and courteous with all the promise of his bearing in future years. I pass on to 1847, when he and his intimate friend Luther Johnson, who had just graduated from Dartmouth, became my pupils in medicine. They entered my dissecting room and with enthusiasm commenced a three years' course in medicine, during which time they attended

full courses of lectures at the Pennsylvania University with the advantages of all the hospitals of the city of Philadelphia.

“Several years since, Dr. Crowell gave the annual address before the Massachusetts Medical Society in Boston — always regarded as an honorable distinction, made from merit. On my way from the hall to the dinner-table, walking in company with Doctors Jarvis and Bowditch, Dr. Jarvis said, ‘This is the best address we have had for twenty years—his manner fine, his enunciation and voice perfect;’ to all of which Dr. Bowditch said amen. The authority of Dr. Jarvis on this subject would not be questioned.”

The poet Whittier, in a letter written at the time of Dr. Crowell’s death, says: “In the long annals of his and my native city there is no memorial of a truer and worthier man. He was the ‘beloved physician’ whose presence in the sick chamber was a benediction, and by the public at large he was loved and honored as a genial, benevolent and active citizen, interested in every good cause and work.

He had all the rare and beautiful characteristics of a Christian gentleman. He made me richer by his friendship. In looking forward to the near close of a prolonged life I have been pleased to think of him as one who might speak kindly and tenderly of

me in the club which honors me by its name, and of which he was the founder and president. It seems strange that he should pass before me, into the great mystery towards which we are all moving, where the mercy of the all-merciful is our only ground of hope and confidence.

I greatly regret that I cannot be present at the funeral and unite with you in the last office which affection can render to one who has done so much for others ; but if not in person, in spirit I shall find a place in the great circle of mourning friends which will surround his grave.

I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

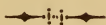
Thus a good and noble life is perpetuated in the grateful memory of those who have been made happier and better by its influence. We cannot think of such strength and tenderness, such intellectual brightness and wide-reaching activities as lost to the world. From some wider realm they are surely helping and blessing us still, while in the results of their exercise while we knew them here,

“Their echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

Club Papers.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Monday Evening Club, November 26, 1883.



When Aunt Ophelia asked that nondescript sprite, Topsy, "Who made you?" her answer was full of a profound principle, "I wan't made, I specs I growed." This principle of evolution can be well applied to the origin of a certain kind of literature that abounds in our language, and forms an essential element in all colloquial expressions. Who made the epigrams and the familiar sayings that have become universal property and are daily used as household words? If we attempt to trace their authorship we shall find that no one writer is responsible for their origin, but that they are like Topsy, the result of a growth that would puzzle any mental evolutionist to trace back to a primary protoplasm.

If we make a close and critical study into the origin of these fugitive scraps of literature that have become

common property, we shall find that like most other forms of civilization they have come to us from the east. The proverb, the fable, the parable, as well as the epigram, are tinged with the glow of oriental coloring, and the folk lore of Germany and Scandinavia is but the repetition of the wisdom of the Aryan races coming down to us in luminous splendor through the long stretch of centuries. But it is not the purpose of this paper to go into this minute study, but rather to confine our observation to the more recent and obvious evolution of the trite sayings of our own English speech.

Take for instance the trite expression of Dr. Franklin in *Poor Richard's Almanac*, "God helps them who help themselves." We find that Herbert in his "*Jacula Prudentium*" has used the same idea when he says: "Help thyself, and God will help thee." Fontaine in his *Fables* also says: "Aid thyself and Heaven will aid thee," and Sophocles in one of his "*Fragments*" has it in this wise: "Heaven ne'er helps the man who will not ask."

When John Wesley in his famous sermon on Dress gave the trite apothegm, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," he was credited with the authorship of a very clever saying. But Bacon a hundred years before, in his "*Advancement of Learning*" had said: "Clean-

liness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God,"

Gray's famous expression in his lines on a distant view of Eton,

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise,"

is often quoted; but Prior had said in his lines to Hon. Charles Montague,

"From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise."

And the wise man in Ecclesiastes exclaims, "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow", 1 : 18.

The capital axiom, "Facts are stubborn things," was uttered both by Smollett and by Elliot, but Smollett took it from "Gil Blas" in his translation of that work. The origin of the famous sarcasm, "Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts," has been almost universally attributed to Voltaire, who used it in 1763. But Goldsmith in 1759 said: "The true use of speech is not so much to express our thoughts as to conceal them." And before this, Young had written in one of his satires: "And men talk only to conceal the mind," And earlier still, the celebrated Dr. South in one of his sermons, 1676, expresses

the satire in this wise: "Speech was given to the ordinary wit of man whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it,"

Hazlitt in his "Wit and Humor" ascribes to Robert Walpole the famous phillipic, "The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favors;" but the lively Frenchman, Francis Duc De Rochefoucauld, had for one of his noted maxims the same idea, "The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits."

We recall the story of the good lady who wept when told that Laurence Sterne's "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was not in the Bible. This beautiful expression has a French origin, and is found in the works of Henri Estienne, who wrote in 1594. Herbert in his "Jacula Prudentium" also says, "To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure."

A few years ago, in a social religious meeting in Haverhill, a zealous sister arose and with great unction, said, "Every tub must stand upon its own bottom, as the Scripture says." This universal sentiment of individual responsibility, although not in the sacred volume, is found in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" in "Ray's Maxims;" and in Macklen's "Man of the World."

A good deacon of my acquaintance when he wished to make a strong point against an angry man used to say, "He was mad as a March hare," which expression I attributed to the fervid deacon's originality of utterance. I found, however, that old Skelton as long ago as 1520 made use of the same terse formula.

What is the evolution of the profound statement, "The moon is made of green cheese?" It is found in Rabelais, Book I, Ch. xi; and in Butler's *Hudibras*; and in many other quaint writers. The profound satire, "The Remedy is worse than the Disease," has a prolific paternity; Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, Suckler and Dryden, have all had a hand in this curt old saw, which has served its purpose and is bound to live to a good old age.

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there,"

was written by De Foe in his "Well-born Englishman." The same theological truism has been in substance expressed by Drummond, George Herbert, and Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Those familiar and remarkable quotations from Richard III. —

"Off with his head, so much for Buckingham!"
and "Conscience avaunt! Richard's himself again,"

do not appear in the original text, but were introduced by Colley Cibber in adapting the play for the stage.

In the early days of the last Century, John Byron wrote a phillipic on the feuds existing between those great composers Bonocini and Handel, in which occurs the following passage :

“Some say, compared to Bonocini
That Mynheer Handel’s but a ninny ;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.”

These last two lines, so often quoted, have been attributed to Swift and to Pope, although they are not found in any of their works.

Sometimes we find an odd recognition of some fact in physical science like the following from “Pericles”, Act ii. Sc. i.

3rd Fisherman. “Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea?”

1st Fisherman. “Why as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones.”

A profound statement of the survival of the fittest.

And Dean Swift sets forth the theory of parasites in a very clever satire.

“ So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em
And so proceed ad infinitum.”

It is interesting to note the similarity of expression that characterizes certain descriptions of nature among the poets of the different epochs of our literature. Thus Shakespeare in personifying morning, uses that familiar passage in *Romeo and Juliet* —

“ Night's candles are burned out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.”

And Milton has it —

“ The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint dawning in the dappled East.”

Thomson changes the image a little —

“ But yonder comes the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the East.”

Byron imitates Milton in “ *Childe Harold* ” —

“ The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom
Laughing the clouds away in playful scorn.”

Whittier changes the image with almost Milton's boldness in his "Evening by the Lakeside."

"The young archer Morn shall break
His arrows on the mountain pine,
And golden-sandaled walk the lake."

So too in the descriptions of flowers, the leading poets have run into a realistic word-painting that is quite striking in its delineations —

Thus Milton in "Lycidas" —

"The rathe primrose,—and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet, —
The musk rose and the well-attired woodbine,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears."

And Thompson sings of the

"Yellow wall-flowers stained with iron-brown,
Auriculas enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves.
Hyacinths of purest virgin white
Lean bent and blushing inward.
Laburnum rich
In streaming gold ; syringa — ivory pure " —

And Tennyson in "In Memoriam" sings :

"Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire."

But our own nature poet, Bryant, had already sung of

"Laburnum's string of sunny colored gems,
Sad hyacinths, and violets dimly sweet,
And orange blossoms on their dark green stems."

But we trace most of this flower-painting back to the universal genius, who in "Winter's Tale" says —

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty : violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath." Act iv. Scene iii.

We might trace this similarity of phraseology indefinitely and show how easily it is assumed by a diversity of minds, in the apothegm, the proverb, the poetical expression and in happy flights of oratory.

How often do we find that some of the brilliant flourishes that have given a peculiar character to cer-

tain orators and writers are but the reflection of some previous writer.

Readers of Macaulay will recall the famous passage in his review of "Ranke's History of the Popes."

"The Romish Church may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the middle of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

This passage when it appeared made a great sensation in literary circles, and was quoted as a splendid stroke of rhetorical prophecy. But ingenious students of letters soon found the same figure used by other writers. In "Volney's Ruins" we find a similar passage, and Horace Walpole in 1774, in a letter to Mason says:—

"At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Palmyra and Baalbec."

And the youthful and unfortunate Henry Kirk White in his poem on "Imri" exclaims—

"Where now is Britain !

Even as the savage sits upon the stone

That marks where stood her capitol, and towers,

The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks

From the dismaying solitude."

Shelley had also used the same imagery in his "Dedication to Peter Bell":—

"When London shall be a habitation of bitterns when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh."

And Macaulay's oft-quoted phillipic against the Puritans,—

"They hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators," is but a repetition of Hume: "Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence."

So when Daniel Webster in his speech in Faneuil Hall in 1842, made use of the expressive figure,—
"The sea of upturned faces that I see before me", it was supposed to be original with him, but the great orator found it in the romance of Rob Roy, Vol. i, ch. 20.

One of the most brilliant metaphors ever used by Webster occurs in his remarkable speech on Hamilton in 1831. "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenues gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet." Yet an earlier writer,

Lord Avonmore, had said of Blackstone, "He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science.— He found it a skeleton and clothed it with life and color; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health and beauty."

Perhaps the great expounder received his inspiration from this passage, but if he did, we shall hardly accuse him of plagiarism. A trite saying of Webster, often quoted, is found in a campaign speech in 1848: "I have read their platform, but I see in it nothing both new and valuable. What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable." It is a classic form of expression.— "If I am Sophocles, I am not mad; and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles."

Another passage of surprising beauty of diction occurs in a speech on the American Colonies, delivered by Mr. Webster, May 7, 1834.

"The Colonies raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared.— a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." This idea, divested of its

splendid rhetoric had its germ in Capt. John Smith's writings when he exclaims : "Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shinest on one part or other we have conquered for our king."

The same expression is used in 1548, by Gage in speaking of the conquests of the Dutch ; and again by Schiller in his drama of "Don Carlos."

" I am called
The richest monarch of the Christian world —
The sun in my dominions never sets."

And Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon* repeats :
"The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V."

In his last speech delivered in Faneuil Hall a short time before his death, Mr. Webster in a little dash of humor made use of the following quotation :

"Solid men of Boston
Drink no strong potations ;
Solid men of Boston
Make no long orations."

These lines were the subject of much comment as to their origin. It was found, however, that Mr. Webster took them from an old song written by

Charles Morris on "Pitt and Dundee's return to London." This song has had many versions, but the above quotation is substantially correct.

Mr. Webster was fond of introducing choice bits of literature into his orations and speeches, and his familiarity with standard authors seldom let him trip in a quotation. Not so, however, with Mr. Clay. The great Kentuckian, with all his brilliant dash of oratory, was deficient in classical learning and did not often venture upon a poetical quotation. Once, however, on a great occasion, when he was to speak on a famous Bill in the U. S. Senate, he went to Mr. Winthrop who was then in the House and said: "Winthrop, doesn't Shakespeare say something about a rose having another name?" "Oh, yes," said Winthrop, "in *Romeo and Juliet*, the fair Juliet exclaims:

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name, would smell as sweet."

"That's just what I want for my speech tomorrow, just write it down for me." Winthrop complied, and the next day the Senate chamber was crowded to hear the great orator. As he proceeded with his speech he came to the passage, — "Mr. President this bill has been objected to on account of its title. But, sir, what's in a name?" This was the supreme

moment for the quotation, but he could not recall it. With a graceful flourish of his right hand to the ladies in the galleries, he repeated the question, "What's in a name?" at the same time fumbling in vain with his other hand in his vest pocket to find the fugitive lines. With infinite dexterity he wheeled round to the President and exclaimed, "A rose, Mr. President, find it where you will, is still a rose," and dashed on with his speech. The reporter who told this anecdote said that no man but Mr. Clay would have trifled with Shakespeare with such audacity, and he adds, "But I would have given a thousand dollars at that moment to have put that quotation into the lips of my idol."

Sometimes an obscure or forgotten writer is brought into notice by some timely quotation from his works by a distinguished orator. At the death of Mr. Webster there was a public meeting called by the citizens of Boston to express sympathy and regret and Edward Everett pronounced an impromptu eulogy, in which he gave an account of the incidents attending the last hours of the great statesman. In the course of his remarks Mr. Everett quoted with much tenderness and pathos the following lines :

" His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close,

And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
He passed through Glory's morning gate
And walked in Paradise."

These lines, so eloquent and tender and so appropriate to the occasion deeply impressed the audience, and their authorship was at once sought out. They were written by James Aldrich, whose works were but little known; but who came into temporary prominence by the happy use of his fine stanzas.

The pathetic poem of William Knox written in the early part of this century, commencing:

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

was greatly admired by Mr. Lincoln, and during the dark days of the war he was in the habit of repeating portions of it to his intimate friends. So popular did this poem become that copies of it were printed in various styles, and for a long time the authorship was attributed to the good President. The poem, although not possessing much literary merit, has found its way into most standard collections of American verse.

Whence come the popular songs and ballads that have existed in some form from the earliest period of the history of our language? The world goes on singing these fugitive ditties expressive of the joys, sorrows and emotions of the heart, without much care or thought as to their origin, and the author is too often, alas, lost in the confusion of hearts or of tongues that shaped or modified their growth. How few ancient hymns or songs come down to us pure from the brain whence they first took their flight.

How often are our sensibilities shocked in seeing a favorite hymn of our childhood marred by changing the structure of the verse upon whose rippling euphony hung all its early music. How often do we hear some mincing ballad singer, who for the sake of an artistic shake or trill, or roulade, will dare to trifle with words that have become part of our life and thought.

Take for instance Toplady's famous hymn, "Rock of Ages," only written about a hundred years ago, yet there are more than a dozen different versions of it in the various hymnals extant, and the same may be said of nearly every standard hymn. The tune makers are largely responsible for this, and in this line of spoliation, perhaps Lowell Mason has been the greatest sinner of them all.

A ballad is some event, sentiment or idea put into homely verse, and generally sung to music as simple, quaint and artless as is the thought or incident of the rhyme. The ballad is the suggestion of the age and condition in which it is written.

In the days of border warfare and feudal strife we have such rare old ballads as "Chevy Chase," written in the fourteenth century, setting forth the bloody contest between Percy and Douglas, when the former dared to trespass upon the borders of Douglas.

The ballads of the sea are both numerous and rich in simple narrative, one of the best being the "Storm" by George A. Stevens, 1720-1784, so familiar to every old tar, and so happy in the use of sailor phrases in the handling of the ropes in a storm.

Modern steam navigation has taken nearly all the poetry out of the sailor's vocabulary, as it has also destroyed the mystery and romance of the sea. Thackeray, however, has put some of the true poetry of the ballad into the steamship, as is shown in his humorous description of a white squall on the Mediterranean during his passage in the steamer *Iberia* on those oft troubled waters.

With the advent of Burns comes the epoch of sentimental song, full of the simple phases of human affection and passion, and touched with that pathetic

tenderness which meets with such universal recognition. The songs of Burns are essentially unique; nothing of the kind has ever been written to match "Bonny Doon" or "Highland Mary."

Perhaps no lyric has been more universally admired than that beautiful, stirring poem commencing :

"Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled,"

but it may not generally be known that Burns by the advice of some friends was induced to suppress the first two stanzas as they stood in his manuscript. It is a matter of regret that the poem was not given to the world entire, for certainly the poet's genius far surpassed the taste of the fastidious critic. It stood thus in the original :

"At Bannockburn the English lay ;
The Scots they were na far away,
But waited for the break o' day,
That glinted in the East.

But the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field of death
When Bruce wi' soul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed,

"Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled," etc.

Scott's songs partake of the legends of Scotland, and ring with the sound of the pibroch and the war-cry of the clans, and are noble expressions of that wild and savage love of liberty which characterized the early days of Scottish chivalry.

Of a very different character are the sentimental songs of Thomas Moore, who was the pet of London society a half-century ago, and sung his own songs and ballads to the admiring throngs that gathered in elegant drawing-rooms to do him homage.

Moore was a prolific writer, and his songs are dedicated to every possible emotion of passion, love and lackadaisical sentimentality. We could not very well dispense with such fine songs as "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "Oft in the stilly night," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Araby's Daughter," or the "Canadian Boat Song."

It would hardly seem possible that the poet who wrote hundreds of songs trashy and silly could awaken his harp to strains as lofty as "Sound the loud timbrel," or that sweet and tender refrain, "Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish," or that splendid, sacred lyric,

"Thou art, O God the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see,"

all of which effusions have found their way into most of the standard hymnals.

Far different are the ringing, glowing lines of Campbell, whose splendid lyrics were inspired by his love for liberty and hatred for oppression. He lived and wrote in the stirring times when Napoleon was striking terror among the nations by the mighty power of his genius, and his verse is inspired by the heroic deeds of England's noblest sons. His sympathies are awakened by the failing cause of Poland, and his "Pleasures of Hope," glow with the fire of his genius in describing the brave courage of Kosciusko, when

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

Campbell may well be styled the greatest lyrical writer of his time. What in our language is finer than those noble lines, "Ye Mariners of England," called forth by the stirring events in the early part of the century.

"The Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," "The Exile of Erin," are all written in the same spirit and inspired by the same fiery zeal for liberty and England's glory.

We are indebted to Campbell for those remarkable lines which have become household words :

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”—

“Like angels’ visits, few and far between,”—

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

Coleridge, one of the greatest word painters of any age has given us in his wonderful “Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” some of the most striking forms of expression in the language—expressions that take hold of the popular ear and are quoted through all time. Indeed these happy groupings of words give the immortality to certain writers, whose longer and studied poems are forgotten. Few persons read “The Ancient Mariner,” but how familiar are the expressions :

“Red as a rose is she,”

“We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

“As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean,”—

“Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink,”

“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.”

“O, sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,”—

“A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.” —

“A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn !”

And some of his lines in the famous “Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni,” are of surpassing power and beauty.

After the vigorous songs and odes and lyrics of Campbell, Scott, Byron and others of like poetic fire and zeal, come batches of sentimental love songs which some of us used to sing in the early stage of our development. Perhaps we wonder now why we could do it, but I fear most of us must plead guilty of joining with no little unction in such songs of Thomas Haynes Bayly as

“Oh, no, we never mention her,”

“We met — ’twas in a crowd.”

“She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met,”

“Tell me the tales that to me were so dear
Long, long ago, long ago,”

“The rose that all are praising,”

“Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,”

and so on to the sweet end.

But perhaps after all, such effusions serve a benevolent purpose. They afford to the timid, bashful adventurer a safe and convenient form of speech, which, though somewhat full of glittering generalities, gives glimpses of the lurking passion that masters us all. And when a poor fellow has met with a decided rebuff, how grateful should he feel towards that happy poet who has given him a poem of expression like this :

“Roll on, silver moon,

Guide the traveller his way,

While the nightingale's song is in tune,

But I never, never more

With my true love will stray

By the sweet silver light of the moon.”

Although the logic of this ditty is not apparent, it no doubt has given comfort to many a disconsolate swain.

The songs and ballads of our own country are not numerous, and but few of them have a national reputation. The air of Yankee or Nankee Doodle, sung in the time of Charles I, as a nursery rhyme to the

words, "Lucy Locket lost her pocket," was also revived in Cromwell's day to the words :

"Yankee Doodle came to town
On a Kentish pony,
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni,"

During the Revolutionary war numerous doggerel verses were set to this air, chiefly in derision of American soldiers, but the joke was turned, and it became one of our national airs.

One of the best known of the ridiculous songs set to this music is the one intended to cast ridicule upon Washington and his army, entitled, "John's visit to the camp."

"Old Grimes is dead," is another well known song, written by Albert G. Green of Providence, but Mr. Green acknowledged that he took it from an old ballad. Indeed we find upon an old tombstone in an English church-yard the inscription,

"John Lea is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear an old drab coat
All buttoned down before."

And in Holliwell's Nursery Rhymes we find :

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more ;
He used to wear a long brown coat
All buttoned down before.

Mr. Green's version is :

“ Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.”

One of the most popular of our standard odes is “ Hail Columbia,” written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkinson to be sung in a theatre by one Fox, a noted vocalist of the day. Party feeling was at that time running high, and the boxes of the theatre were running low, when Fox went to Hopkinson, who was something of a poet, and asked him to write some patriotic verses to be sung by him to the tune of the “ President's March.” Mr. Hopkinson complied and produced “ Hail Columbia,” which was announced to be sung the next evening.

The theatre was crowded, the song was sung and received with raptures ; it was repeated eight times and again encored, when at the ninth singing the audience arose and joined in the chorus. It was caught up by the boys in the streets, and the home of the author

was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd and "Hail Columbia" was sung at midnight by five hundred patriotic voices.

Our other great national ode was written by Francis S. Key during the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814. Looking out towards the fort on the morning of the bombardment, he beheld the stars and stripes gleaming in the sunlight, and under the inspiration of the scene he wrote the immortal lines.

To illustrate how time changes the whole tone and spirit of national feuds and strife, I recall the scene at Gilmore's great Peace Jubilee in Boston, when ten thousand voices and instruments swelled the grand chorus. It was my good fortune to be present on the "English Day," when in the presence of fifteen thousand people, Her Majesty's Marine Band appeared upon the stage. After the enthusiasm of the greeting had subsided, this English Band in most inspiring strains, struck up the "Star Spangled Banner." The responsive heart of the audience was quick to catch the delicate and magnanimous compliment; instantly that vast concourse arose and with the wildest expressions of appreciative delight, there went up such a shout of kindly welcome as would rejoice the heart of the stoutest Englishman. And when the national air of England, "God Save the Queen,"

followed, the applause was equally hearty and spontaneous.

During the long dark days of our civil war the strains of this ode were again heard, and the "Star Spangled Banner" as sung by a noble woman who has since become a welcome resident of our city, gave courage and hope to many faltering hearts.

Speaking of "God Save the Queen" reminds us that this English ode has something of a French origin, both in words and music. The original verses were sung in France before Louis XIV, when he entered the Chapel of St. Cyr. The words are said to have been written by Madame De Brenon, and the music by the famous Sully. Handel, it is said, in a visit to Paris, got possession of the music and the song, and on his return to England dedicated it to King George I, and the "Vive le Roi" of France became "God save the King" of England.

It is now generally conceded, however, that this great national ode was written by Henry Carey who lived 1663-1743.

Our favorite national ode, "My Country 'tis of Thee," sung to the music of "God Save the Queen," was written by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith in 1832, and first sung in public at Park Street Church, in Boston, on the occasion of a children's celebration July 4, 1832. It was first sung in Haverhill, July 4, 1834.

Fresh interest has recently been awakened in the history of John Howard Payne from the fact that Mr. Corcoran has generously caused the dust of the wandering poet to be removed from a foreign soil to a final resting-place in his native land. "Home Sweet Home" was written by Payne, for the farce of "Clara, the Maid of Milan," and set to the beautiful Sicilian air that has become so universal. The author of this homely song was himself homeless, and died among strangers in a foreign land.

Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, whose matchless warblings a generation ago enchanted the public ear, gave to this ballad a new inspiration by the charm of her interpretation. She broke away from the dirge-like methods of other great singers and burst out in a joyous expression of affectionate and passionate delight, as if conscious that home was to her the supreme thought of her heart. What was the secret of this indescribable charm that swayed all hearts and made the triumph complete? When I listened to the voice of this peerless songstress in Music Hall in Philadelphia (1850) she introduced this simple song into a programme rich with the rarest productions of the masters, and under the guidance of Sir Julius Benedict,

In the midst of the first stanza the vast audience burst out in a rapturous applause that for a moment seemed to disconcert the fair artist. But in the second stanza, when she came to the line,

“The birds singing gaily, that come at my call,”

she made a slight pause, and then broke into a warble that would have made Philomela hang his head in shame.

Steady old bankers arose to their feet and actually shouted ; stately dowagers waved their dainty handkerchiefs, and verdant medical students—well, it would be impossible to describe the extravagance of their behavior, while the face of the singer, radiant with emotion, was filled with that gleam of genius which is the rare gift of the gods. It was one of the occasions that mark life into precious epochs.

Several years ago a celebrated ballad singer by the name of Russell used to captivate the public ear by his dramatic rendering of popular songs. Among others he used to sing Barry Cornwall's stirring lines :

“The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,”

and when he was in Boston he said to Dr. Coates of Philadelphia, a popular writer, who was at the Tre-

mont House : “ Coates, write me a song to sing to-morrow night — something dramatic, something sensational.”

“ But where’s your music ? ” said Dr. Coates. “ O, I will write that after I see your poem.” Dr. Coates retired to his room and, after several hours of frantic walking and thinking he sat down and dashed off the “ Drunkard’s Wife,” commencing :

“ The night is dark, how dark !

No light, no fire,

Cold on the hearth

The last faint sparks expire.”

The next morning he showed it to Russell who was delighted with its tragic details, and on that night he made a great sensation by singing it in his own peculiar style. Dr. Coates has had the pleasure of seeing his stanzas dreadfully mangled. The scene of the poor dying wife and mother closed as

“ The babe lay frozen on its mother’s breast,

The clock strikes three.”

but some New York genius added another stanza descriptive of the drunken husband’s return, closing with “ The clock strikes four,”

The agony and disgust of Coates at this mutilation can only be appreciated by a long-suffering poet.

Sometimes a writer's early effusions cause him a world of trouble, when, in the lapse of years, some rhapsody or apostrophe written in the flush of hero-worship, comes back to taunt him with inconsistency and bad faith. Of this class is one of Whittier's minor poems written in the days of the famous Clay campaign.

Whittier was one of the admirers of the gallant Harry of the West, when that brilliant statesman first appeared before the country as the Whig candidate for the presidency, and the youthful poet after the defeat of his favorite, gave vent to his patriotic devotion in these familiar lines :

“ Not fallen ! No ! as well the tall
And pillared Alleghany fall ! ”

But when Mr. Clay was again a candidate in the famous campaign of 1844, the sentiment of the poet had met with a radical change. But his poem had not changed, and the friends of Clay made it do effective work throughout the land, in spite of the protests of Whittier, who stoutly forbade the papers to publish the fugitive lines, declaring that in his estimation Clay had fallen. But this was not the worst

of it. Thomas H. Benton took up the poem, clapped his name over it, and made poor Whittier declare that Benton was as upright and invincible as "the tall and pillared Alleghany." And to make the agony of the abolition poet more intense, the Democratic party in New York after the defeat of Silas Wright, that immaculate prince of pro-slavery sentiments, put his name over the verses, and forced Whittier to assure the world that Wright was right side up, and that you might as well upset "the pillared Alleghany" as to remove that great man from his base of truth and justice. It is needless to say that this troublesome child is disowned in all the later editions of the Quaker poet's works.

Our best American satirists are Lowell, as seen in his famous Biglow Papers, and Holmes, in numerous effusions written for special occasions. But besides these well-known and popular poets, we occasionally find happy effusions from the pen of less aspiring writers, which are often lost to the public. They appear in the daily papers or magazines and seldom assume permanent shape in standard literature.

Among this class of fugitive verses is the clever satire written by J. T. Fields a short time before his death, entitled "The Owl Critics, A Lesson to Fault Finders."

Among the voluminous writings of American poets, how large a proportion will go down the ages as standard? Judging from the great writers of England, our prediction must be limited to a few fragmentary and fugitive effusions. Pope with all his splendid diction is now best known by a few apt and trite aphorisms. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are more familiar than *Paradise Lost*. The stately verse of Young and Pollock is seldom quoted. John Gilpin is better known than the *Task*. Wordsworth's minor ballads and sonnets are more popular than the *Excursion*. And so Bryant's fame will rest upon a few lines of *Thanatopsis* and that noble stanza :

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But error wounded writhes with pain
And dies among her worshippers.”

Longfellow's “*Psalm of Life*” will doubtless outlive “*Evangeline*,” or the “*Spanish Student*,” and, may be, Edgar Poe's weird and quaint “*Raven*” will stand the test of time better than either. George P. Morris's “*Woodman, spare that tree*,” or Woodworth's “*Old Oaken Bucket*,” by their happy, homely mode of expression, and their appeal to a universal sentiment, will hold their own among the best things that Whit-

tier, Lowell, or Holmes ever wrote, not excepting Maud Muller or the Biglow Papers. Or the One Hoss Shay.

Emerson has written some lines evidently destined for immortality.

“The hand that rounded Peter’s dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free.
He builded better than he knew, —
The conscious stone to beauty grew.”

or

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone,
And morning opes in haste her lids
To gaze upon the pyramids.”

or those remarkable lines in the Hymn sung at the completion of Concord Monument :

“Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

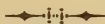
Such is the glory, variety and fame of literature. Some write nobly and well for their own time, and others, by a happy inspiration or ingenious turn of

words, utter thoughts or phrases that stand the test of ages.

And it is a grim satire on the permanence of a standard literature to be obliged to admit that oftentimes a flippant song or a jingling melody by its very oddity or grotesqueness, or childish simplicity, will be carried down the ages by the good-natured, laughing, thoughtless crowd; while the smooth, refined and rippling measures of the sensitive and dainty poet have their little day, and pass on into dim forgetfulness.

SOURCES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

From the advent of the Saxons, to the time of Shakespeare.



The English Language as spoken today by the educated masses of English-speaking people constitutes the simplest, the most powerful and effective form of speech in the civilized world. Less musical and flowing than the tongues of southern Europe, smoother and more intelligible than the nasal and guttural utterances of Russia, Germany and Scandinavia, it combines the soft and sturdy elements of every spoken language known to the enlightened world, enriched and strengthened by the result of oriental and classic beauties so profusely scattered throughout its literature.

It is the opinion of the soundest philological scholars, that the language, by the aggressive power of those who speak it, is destined to become the

medium of communication throughout the civilized world. So that the English scholar will soon be able to make his way through the cities of Europe, and western Asia, and northern Africa, without the essential aid of any of the languages of Continental Europe.

When we examine the sources of the language, we are surprised that, from causes so conflicting and a history so romantic and strange, there should result a form of speech worthy to be a standard of communication for the noblest thought and sentiment of the human mind.

The rude, rough words of the sturdy Saxons, who spoke when thoughts were few and easily expressed — the more civilizing element introduced by the Normans, with their words of French origin and with French habits of thought; the ascendancy of the Saxon element over the Norman corruption, and the triumph of pure English; the revival of classical learning after the restoration with the succeeding effeminacy in habits of thought and speech; the efforts of modern scholars to restore the language to its primitive purity and simplicity, all these forces have had their power in moulding and perfecting and making it worthy the respect of scholars of every realm and every tongue. Let us examine some of the

sources of this result, and trace more minutely the character and habits of those early people from whom we derive the words that constitute the strength and the glory of English Literature.

In the early part of the Christian Era, there dwelt in the northern borders of Germany, a rude and warlike people, occupying the region along the coast, from the mouth of the Rhine to the peninsular of Jutland. In this low, wet, foggy region they dwelt, holding absolute sway all along the coast, extending their marauding and piratical expeditions into the northern part of Gaul and along the coast of England, and striking terror to the weak dependants of the Roman Empire. These were the Angles and Saxons, destined to act such important part in the future drama of the most powerful people in the world.

“Men of huge, white bodies, cool-blooded, with fierce, blue eyes, reddish flaxen hair, ravenous stomachs, filled with meat and cheese, heated by strong drink, prone to drunkenness.” *

Their very occupation inured them to hardship. Storm-beaten in wretched boats of hide, amid the hardships and dangers of a sea-faring life, they courted misfortune and scorned danger. They were pirates by intuition ; “Of all kinds of hunts the man-

*Taine.

hunt is the most profitable and the most noble ;” they left the care of the lands and flocks to the women and slaves ; they dashed to sea in their two-sailed barks, landed anywhere, killed everything, and, having sacrificed the tithe of their prisoners in honor of their gods, they left behind them the red light of their burning and went on for further pillage. “Lord, deliver us from the fury of the Jutes,” says a certain history of the time. Their sea-kings, who had never slept under the smoky rafters of a roof, who had never drained an ale-horn by the hearth of an inhabited dwelling, laughed at wind and storms, and sang : “The blast of the tempest aids our oars, the bellying of heaven, the howling of the thunder, hurt us not ; the hurricane is our servant and drives us whither we wish to go.” “We smote with our swords,” says a song attributed to Ragnar Lodbrog. “To me it was a joy like having my bright bride with me on my couch.” The daughter of the Danish Jarl, seeing Egil taking his seat near her, reproached him thus : “Why sittest thou here ? You have seldom provided the wolves with hot meat, and never, during the autumn, have you seen a raven croaking over the carnage.”

These are the people who, in the early part of the fifth century, were invited by the Britons to come

among them for their protection and assistance ; for the Roman Empire, disturbed and distracted by difficulties at home, and the disastrous campaigns in the north of Europe, withdrew entirely from the island, leaving the poor helpless Britons to the mercy of numberless barbarous tribes, who attacked them on every side. And they came, bringing with them their warlike propensities, their brutal habits, drinking and gluttony, and their indomitable bravery. They bring their architecture, strong, massive and impressive, interesting relics of which may still be found in the crypts and cloisters which the Normans suffered to remain in their work of destruction, and upon which they built their own cathedrals. They bring also their rude songs and bold legends, and wild tales of love, and strange romance. They bring their literature, such as it was, simple, strong, full of rough figures borrowed from the sea and the carnage. Courage certainly they possessed, and the rude honor that comes from the fair fight. War is at every door, but warlike victors are behind every door. One thing is to be noticed in these rough men—their truth to their plighted vows. This appears in their laws, and breathes forth in their poetry.

This kept society rude as it was healthful. We find women associating with the men at their feasts, sober

and respected. She speaks, and they listen to her ; no need of concealing or enslaving her. She is a person, not a thing. She can inherit, possess, bequeath, appear at courts of justice, in county assemblies, in the great congress of the elders. Law and tradition maintain her integrity as if she were a man and side by side with the man.

In "Alfred" there is a portrait of the wife which for purity and truth equals anything that modern refinement can devise.

"Thy wife now lives for thee, for thee alone. She has enough of all kinds of wealth for the present life, but she scorns them all for thy sake alone. She has forsaken them all, because she had not thee with them. Thy absence makes her think that all she possesses is naught."

The religious legendry of this rude people was in common with that of the Swedes, Lapps, Icelanders and other tribes and people inhabiting the northern regions of Europe. They had deities presiding over every realm of thought and action, and this rude polytheism was exceedingly picturesque and ingenious. An old Icelandic legend thus accounts for the creation, in poetic phrase which is a curious specimen, of the "development theory" as understood by those simple people centuries ago. "In the

beginning there were two worlds, Niflheim, the freezing, and Muspell, the burning. From the falling snowflakes was born the giant Ymir. There was, in times of old, where Ymir dwelt, nor sand, nor sea, nor gelid waves ; earth existed not, nor heaven above ; 'twas a chaotic chasm, and grass nowhere. There was but Ymir, the horrible frozen ocean, with his children, sprung from his feet and armpits ; then their shapeless progeny, terrors of the abyss, barren mountain, whirlwinds of the north, and other horrid beings, enemies of the sun and life. Then the cow Audhumbla born also of melting snow, brings to light, whilst licking the hoar-frost from the rocks, a man Bur, whose grandsons kill the giant Ymir ; from his flesh the earth was formed, and from his bones the hills ; the heaven from the skull of the ice-cold giant and from his blood the sea ; but of his brain the heavy clouds are all created. Then arose war between the monsters of winter and the luminous fertile gods, Odin the founder, Baldur, the mild and benevolent, Thor the summer thunder, who purifies the air, and nourishes the earth with showers. Long fought the gods against the frozen Jotuns, against the dark, bestial powers—the wolf Fenrir, the great Serpent whom they drown in the sea, the treacherous Loki whom they bind to the rocks, beneath a viper whose venom drops continually in his face.”

All the legends are redolent of warfare between these rude deities, the strong overcoming the weak, and by a law of natural selection, a higher and stronger power ruling over the conquered.

Here is one of these legends and we see how in their Epic, the sublime springs up amid the horrible. In strange contrast to the bloody and disgusting scenes depicted, Sigurd plunges his sword into the dragon Fofnis, and Fofnis asks as he dies, "Who art thou? and who is thy father, and what thy kin that thou art so hardy as to bear weapons against me?" "A hardy heart urged me on thereto, and a strong hand, and this sharp sword, seldom hath a hardy eld a faint-hearted youth." After this triumphant eagle's cry, Sigurd cuts his heart, and his brother drinks blood from the wound, and falls asleep. Sigurd, who is roasting the heart, raises his fingers thoughtlessly to his lips; forthwith he understands the language of the birds. The eagles scream above him in the branches, and warn him to mistrust his brother. Sigurd cuts off his brother's head, eats of Fofnis' heart, and drinks his brother's blood.

Thus their poetry grew, among this carnage and murder. The songs of love and marriage are all in the same lofty strain of savage softness, and bloody romance. An untamed blooming maiden, disap-

pointed in her love for Sigurd, thus bemoans her fate :
“Sigurd must be mine ; I must die or that blooming youth clasp in my arms.” But seeing him married to another she brings about his murder, for which crime she is to be burned to death. She then puts on her corselet and meets her fate in a truly graceful and poetic fashion. “Let there be raised a pile so spacious, that for us all like room may be.

Let them burn Sigurd on the one side of me, and on the other side my household slaves, with collars splendid, two at our heads, and two hawks.

Let also lie between us both the keen-edged sword, as when we both one couch ascended ; also five female thralls, eight male slaves of gentle birth, fostered with me.”

The only poem that we retain entire of this heroic, savage age is that of Beowulf, filled with stories of the thanes and the kings, in all the fantastic imagery of wild and drinking orgies. As in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, we learn from this poem the manners and the sentiments of the people. Beowulf is a hero, a knight-errant before the days of chivalry. He has rode upon the sea, his naked sword hard in his hand, amidst the fierce waves and coldest of storms, and the winds of winter hurtled over the waves of the deep ; the sea-monsters, the many-colored foes drew him to

the bottom of the sea, and held him fast in their grip. But he reached the wretches with his point, and with his war-bill. The mighty sea-beast received the war-rush through his hands, and he slew nine sea-monsters. This hero goes through a great variety of fantastic feats on sea and land, rescues fair ladies from the jaws of dragons, spears the nobles in lordly halls when the ale was spilled, grappled savage sea women who hold him by the throat, and carried the heads of grim monsters in triumph to the king.

Of the lay-poetry of the time we have but a few fragments, one of which I quote from Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons :

“The song on Athelstan's victory at Brunonburgh. Here Athelstan, king of earth, the lord, the giver of the bracelets of the nobles, and brother, also, Edmund the Aethling, the Elder, a lasting glory won by slaughter in battle with the edges of swords at Brunonburgh. The wall of shields cleaved, they hewed the noble banners — pursuing they destroyed the Scottish people, and the ship-fleet. The field was colored with the warriors' blood. After that, the sun on high, the greatest star, glided over the earth, God's candle bright ! till the noble creature hastened to her setting. There lay soldiers, many with darts struck down, northern men over their shoulders shot, the screamers

of war they left behind, the raven to enjoy, the dismal kite, and the black raven with horned beak, and the hoarse toad, the eagle afterward to feast on the white flesh, the greedy battle-hawk, and the grey beast, the wolf of the woods." Here we see the peculiar imagery of the style of poetry. It is not a bald dry description — each event is set forth with a pomp and a coloring of its own. Short and fragmentary, their sentences sparkle with the brilliancy of oriental splendor divested of its smoothness and gorgeous setting. Thus, in their speech the sea is a "chalice of waves," arrows, "the serpent of Hel, spat from lips of horn;" ships are the great steeds; the helmet is the "castle of the head." There is no attempt at regularity or artifices. The mind of the poet springs from one extreme to another with a bound, without giving a reason, or attempting an explanation. There is none of the copious development, as found in the poetry of Homer, where all is dressed in the flowing lines of Grecian beauty, symmetrical as the outlines of the female figure, in the delicate drapery which covers but not conceals the beauty. The chief care of the Saxon poet is to abridge his thought in a kind of mutilated cry. The internal impression not knowing how to unfold itself, becomes condensed, and seeks its utterance in spite

of all order, and flowing beauty, bold, grand, simple, rough, all mixed in the strange confusion of power and weakness; this is the poetry of this strong, idolatrous race, when the modifying element of Christianity was introduced among them. This was brought about in the romantic manner so common in the great events of history, and according to Hume was on this wise: In the early part of the sixth century, Ethelbert king of Kent, formed an alliance of marriage with the daughter of the king of France. But before the consummation of the marriage, it was stipulated that she should carry the forms and privileges of her religion with her into Briton, a concession which the idolatrous Saxons were willing to make. She accordingly introduced a French Bishop into the court of Canterbury and wishing to make her religion popular she soon won the respect of the Saxons by her assiduous devotion, and by her pure and simple life. She used every means in her power to win over her husband to her faith. And so through the agency of the pious Augustine we find Roman missionaries, bearing a silver cross and picture of Christ in solemn procession, chanting a litany. The Saxons were wise enough to see the superior power and manners of the Christian people, and charmed by the lofty pomp of the ritual of Rome, and won by the

wise measures adopted by Augustine and amazed by his miraculous pretensions, they soon embraced a religion which promised so much for the future greatness and safety. The old gods were removed from the altars by order of the high priest, and by his side a chief arose and thus the poetic phrase spoke to the people in presence of the King.

“You remember, O King, that which sometimes happens of a winter, when you are seated at table with your earls and thralls. Your fire is lighted, and your hall is warmed, and without is hail, and rain, and snow. Then comes a swallow, flying across the hall ; he enters by one door, and leaves by the other. The brief moment while he is within is pleasant to him ; he feels not rain nor cheerless weather, but the moment is brief—the bird flies away in the twinkling of an eye, and he passes from winter to winter. Such, methinks, is the life of man on earth, compared with the uncertain time beyond. It appears for a time, but what is the time which comes after?—the time which was before? We know not. If then, this new doctrine may teach us somewhat of greater certainty, it were well that we should regard it.”

These utter barbarians received Christianity with an eagerness unknown to the pagan nations of the south. Their ideas of the sublime find full sweep in

the august majesty of God, the great, mysterious, grand power that keeps the universe in motion — that punished the wicked, and rewarded the good and brave — that spoke through prophets and seers, and the noble words of the Bible. Their simple manners, their grandeur and severity exalt them in their ideas of Deity, and in this respect they rise almost to the level of the old Hebrew bards. They have no theories — no system of theology, but their expressions are of praise, and pious adoration. Caedmon, their old poet, an ignorant man, received his inspiration while keeping night watch in the stable. On falling asleep, a stranger came to him and asked him to sing and these words came into his head :

“Now we ought to praise the Lord of heaven, the power of the Creator, and His skill, the deeds of the father of glory ; how He, being eternal God, is the author of all marvels ; who, almighty guardian of the human soul, created first for the sons of men, the heavens as the roof of their dwelling, and then the earth.” Remembering these words when he awoke, he came to town and repeated them to the Abbess Hilda, whereupon he was made monk. There in his monastic solitude he listened to the stories of Holy Writ, “ruminating them over like a pure animal, he turned them into sweet verse,” and so we have poetic

pictures of the loss of Pharaoh's horse in the Red Sea, of the destruction of the world by flood, of Judith and Holofernes, and all the stern and vivid characters of the old scriptures, in the bold, ringing strains of their rude verse. The old heathen deities are clad in the garb of the new religion. Their Scandinavian monsters are now descended from Cain, and are the giants drowned by the flood. Here is the ancient Nastrand, a "dwelling, deadly cold, full of bloody eagles and pale adders;" and the "Dies Irae" resembles the final destruction of the Edda, that "twilight of the gods" which will end in a victorious regeneration, and everlasting joy under the fair sun. Thus they receive the new religion, and thus their culture, their manners and literature become modified and developed, as far as possible, until the introduction of a new element. Under this culture the good Alfred became the wisest and the most learned and pious prince of his time. Under this rude civilization was developed a strength, a grandeur, a simple power, that the tremendous events that succeeded could not wipe out; they could only retard a growth that in a few centuries would spring up again and bear fruit for the ages yet to come.

This new element came in the form of a great invasion after an unsuccessful attempt to retard its triumphant advance.

In the middle of the Eleventh Century, the victorious Normans, under William the Conqueror, enter English territory, carrying terror and subjugation on their triumphant march through the country. In vain had the sturdy Saxons resisted their force. Their superior learning, their brilliant successes, and higher civilization rendered them too formidable for the heavy blows of the Saxon arms, and they find followers in every conquered village to swell the number of their invading host. These people, though Norman by name, were largely made up of adventurers from every direction far and near, from Maine and Anjou, from Poitou and Brittany, from Ile-de-France and Flanders, from Aquitaine and Burgundy, so that the expedition was in reality French in its composition. They bring their French manners, and their French speech and literature with them, and the rough and barbarous Anglo-Saxon tongue becomes despised and degraded. The Normans would not borrow any custom from such boors, they despised them as coarse and stupid, and they endeavored to purge the language from all Saxon alloy, and make it purely French. So fearful were they that the speech of their children would be corrupted with the rude jargon, that the nobles in the reign of Henry II. sent their sons to France to preserve them from barbarism.

“For two hundred years,” says an old writer, “children at school against the usage of all other nations, were compelled to leave their own language and to construe their lessons in French.” The statutes of the universities compelled the students to converse either in French or Latin. Of course the poetry is French. The Norman brought his minstrel with him, among whom was Taillefer who sung the song of Roland at the Battle of Hastings. All the legends are now rendered in the new language, and poor, despised English is only spoken by the dwellers of the forest, the swineherds, peasants and lowest orders. The poets of the time were required to depict in their poems of chivalry, the manners and habits brought over from France. Life was now a pageant — a brilliant kind of fete ; and we find the poetry full of descriptions of the routes, the processions, and the victorious orgies of the people. “Thus, when Henry II. went abroad he took with him an immense number of knights, foot-soldiers, baggage-wagons, tents, war-horses, comedians, courtesans, cooks, confectioners, posture monkey-dancers, barbers, go-betweens, hangers-on. In the morning when they start, the assemblage begins to shout, sing, hustle each other, making racket and rout as if ‘hell were let loose.’ William Longchamps, even in time of peace,

would not travel without a thousand horses by way of escort. When Archbishop Becket came to France, he entered town with two hundred knights, a number of barons and nobles, and an army of servants, all richly armed and equipped ; he himself being provided with four and twenty suits. Two hundred and fifty children walked in front, singing national songs, then dogs, then carriages, then a dozen war-horses, each ridden by an ape and a man, then equerries with shields and horses, then falconers, domestics, knights, priests, and lastly, as a fitting finale of this motley procession, the noble archbishop himself, in all the dignity of his sacred office." The Normans borrowed from the Saxons many of their habits, in spite of their opposition to their language, and none more willingly than their habits of excess in eating and drinking. Thus, at the marriage of Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, they provided thirty thousand dishes. At the installation of George Nevill, Archbishop of York, the brother of Guy of Warwick, the following bill of fare was diligently provided :

104 oxen ; 6 wild bulls ; 1000 sheep ; 304 calves ; 2000 swine ; 500 stags, bucks and does ; 204 kids ; 22,802 wild or tame fowls ; 300 quarters of corn ; 300 tuns of ale ; 100 tuns of wine ; a pipe of hypocras ; 12 porpoises and seals.

With this Saxon gluttony the Normans retained and cultivated their love for display and frivolous show. Their life was a succession of tourneys, spent in the open air, and in the sunlight, with show of cavalcades and arms in true French fashion. When the King of Scots came to London with his hundred knights at the coronation of King Edward I. they all dismounted, and made over their horses with their splendid caparisons to the people, as did also five English lords, emulating their example. War was a pastime. Edward III. in one of his expeditions against the King of France took with him thirty falconers, and made his campaign, hunting and fighting alternately as suited his fancy. This same monarch built at Windsor a round hall and a round table and in one of his tourneys sixty ladies seated on palfreys led as in a fairy tale each her knight by a golden chain.

And these marvels and adventures are the themes of the narrator and the poet, and enter into all their descriptions of the events of the times. All the manners and the literature seem full of startling events, and scenes of merriment, and deeds of studied barbarism. Noble and gallant, many too often concealed a vile, coarse nature, and a brutal passion. "Richard Coeur de Lion," says Warton, "is the best

king ever mentioned in song." But who ever reckoned up his murders and his butcheries?

It was not until the wise reign of Edward III. in the Fourteenth Century, that the use of the Norman tongue in the courts and in legal enactments was prohibited, and after the monarchs' expeditions against France every effort was made by his court to forget their Norman extraction altogether. The old and despised English, modified and changed by its strange alliance, now came again into use, and the first paper in English was printed in 1386, during the reign of Richard II. Commerce was extended to the Baltic and the Mediterranean seas, and wise laws were enacted to check the extravagance and the gluttony of the people.

Amid this transition state, a poet arose, at once learned and great in all requisites that constitute genius. He is the first great poet of the new tongue as restored after the downfall of the French and Latin tongues as mediums among the learned and the noble, Geoffrey Chaucer. His works form the standard poetry of this period and embrace a wide range of romance and fanciful detail, written in simple and strong verse, with a charming naturalness of narration, in striking contrast with the trifling chatter of the previous age. He is termed the precursor of the

Reformation, and his principal works are the translation of the "Romance of the Rose," "Legende of Good Women," and "Canterbury Tales."

These Tales embrace a series of charming pictures, Each portrayed the actor himself, thirty distinct figures of every rank, condition and sex, with the figures, the turns of speech, the habits and antecedents, each maintaining his character by his talk and actions—the germ of the domestic novel as written today. The portrait of the Franklin, the Miller, the mendicant Friar, and the Merchant are masterpieces of word-painting, and set forth in vivid colors the characteristics of each. In this poem Chaucer ranks with the great writers of Elizabeth's time, although a century and a half before them. Thus Tennyson in his "Dream of Fair Women" sings :

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath

Preluded those melodious bursts that fill

The spacious times of great Elizabeth

With sounds that echo still."

Although the "moral Gower" was contemporary with Chaucer, yet his great rival far outshines him in the power of his genius, and the extent of his works. The style of Gower was dull and drawn out to a tedious length, over a trifle about a sweet smile, or

beautiful eyes ; although one of the most learned of his time, counting a knowledge of the classics as learning, he supposed that Latin was invented by the old prophetess Carmens, that the grammarians, Aristarchus, Donatus and Didymus, regulated its syntax, pronounciation and prosody ; and enriched by traditions from the Arabic, Chaldean, and Greek ; at last after much labor of celebrated writers, it attained its highest perfection in Ovid, the poet of love. He discovers that Ulysses learned rhetoric from Cicero, magic from Zoroaster, astronomy from Ptolemy, and philosophy from Plato. Such is the moral Gower, the author of "*Confessio Amantis*" — a dialogue between a lover and his confessor—a poem that dealt in everything but good morals, according to the standard of the present day.

The English tongue had now asserted itself, and the best scholars in the realm busied themselves in turning Latin and French into English. Better manners and wiser laws were introduced, and even before the Reformation entered England, the people began to clamor for a wider diffusion of knowledge and of the principles of Christian liberty. The Bible had been translated into English by Wycliff, and the cruelty and wicked intolerance of the ecclesiastics were making way for the great change that had already begun

in Germany, so that, although the Reformation entered England apparently by accident, yet it was in reality but the result of those mighty causes that for centuries had been at work silently among the people. There was a moral force in this great event far greater and more effectual than the intrigues of Henry, or the diplomacy of his court.

A change is at once perceived in the manners of the people. As in Germany, so in England, improvements for the convenience and comfort, and the substantial benefit of the realm were introduced. In 1534 Henry VIII. began paving the streets of London. Substantial houses of brick and stone were erected, in place of the old wooden structures covered with mortar, and thatched with straw. Glass was employed for windows, and bare walls were covered with tapestry. People began to consider the luxury of being warm, and chimneys were built and stoves introduced. The taste for dress and scenic display was scrupulously cultivated, and in Elizabeth's time it arose to almost gross extravagance, Her Majesty setting the example. The men rustle in silk and sparkle in gold and diamonds, doublets of scarlet satin, and cloaks of ermine costing a thousand ducats; velvet shoes, embroidered with gold and silver, and covered with rosettes and ribbons; boots with falling

tops, from whence hung a cloud of lace, embroidered with figures of birds, animals and flowers in silver, gold or precious stones. The ladies wore monstrous ruffs ; they puffed out their dresses and adorned them with rich devices of gold lace and jewels. Everything was for effect and picturesque display. Beautiful forms were cultivated, and the arts grew and flourished. In Henry VIII.'s time England had but one ship of war, but Elizabeth sent out one hundred and fifty against the Armada. In 1553 was founded a company to trade with Russia, in 1578 Drake sailed around the world, in 1600 the East India Company was formed. The material world was moving, and the great world of thought did not lag behind. The succession of men of genius, from the time of Henry to the advent of the Bard of Avon, is not more wonderful for its brilliancy than for its numbers. We might spend the hour in bare mentioning of the illustrious names that adorn the literature of this golden period.

The crowding of events, the astonishing succession of facts, had furnished material, and prose began to establish itself. And so we find Sidney, Wilson and Puttenham expounding the rules of style ; Speed, Raleigh, Stowe, Daniels, Thomas More, and Lord Herbert found history ; Camden, Spelman, Usher and

Selden establish scholarship ; Hooker, Taylor, Algernon Sydney study religion, society, church and state. And resplendent amid this array of genius, stands Francis Bacon, one of the brightest lights of any age or time. There is nothing in English prose superior to his diction. He penetrated every realm of thought, and his genius is equally apparent in philosophy, metaphysics, and scientific research. His "*Novum Organum*" treats of physical science with a freshness and power that command the attention and the study of scientists in this our day, when physics form so large a part of the researches of men of thought and profound learning. This work has been termed "a string of aphorisms" — a collection of scientific decrees, as from one who foresees the future, and reveals the truth. The power of his teachings in scientific and moral ethics consisted in their practical common sense. He did not revel in abstractions merely. Every especial science with him was an implement with which to work out some practical result. With him knowledge in the abstract is useless — it must be made to subserve some noble purpose. Pure mathematics must not be studied simply for the pleasure they afford the abstruse scholar, but he enjoins upon the mathematicians to apply their deductions to mechanics and the industrial arts, and make them

subservient to the dignity of material prosperity. He enjoins upon moralists not to study mind in a speculative way, but with a view to diminish or cure vice to correct social evils. Science is good for nothing in his view unless it can be applied to the furtherance of that improvement which exalts and benefits the race, "to the effecting of all things possible." The quality of Bacon's inventive genius has been likened in its universal adaptation, to that of Shakespeare with whom he was contemporary. Some of his admirers have gone so far as to attribute to him the great dramas of the immortal Bard. Without considering the merit of such a claim, it is sufficient that the works of Lord Bacon place him in the highest rank of genius without robbing Shakespeare of the laurels that for ages have been accredited to him.

We have only time to consider briefly, one other phase of the literature of this, the most brilliant period that England has ever seen, the Drama. Dramatic poetry arose and attained perfection through the habits of the people. They demanded scenic representations, open-air operas and mythological representations. Royalty is entertained in this way. Wolsey set the example in his gorgeous receptions, which read like oriental fairy tales. Elizabeth and James kept up a constant succession of dramatic

and spectacular representations, before which the modern drama sinks into insignificance.

It would demand the pencil of a Rubens to portray the rich colorings of the costumes used by the lords and ladies at the masques played by the queen and chief ladies and nobles in the time of James I. Ben Jonson thus describes the "Masque of Hymen," which reads like a fairy tale :

"The lords were attired in the form of antique Greek statues. On their heads they wore the Persian crowns that were made of gold-plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, girt under the breast with a broad belt of cloth of gold, fastened with jewels. The mantles were of colored silks—the first sky color, the second pearl color, the third flame color, the fourth tawny. The attire of the ladies was of white cloth of silver, adorned with Juno's birds and fruits. A loose undergarment, full gathered, of carnation striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone ; their hair carelessly bound under the circle of a rare, rich coronet, adorned with all varieties of choice jewels from the top of which flowed a transparent veil down to the ground."

Can we wonder that in an age when the scenic and picturesque enter so largely into the recreations of

life, that the theatre should arise, and that the dramatic art should be elaborated by the genius of Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and find its highest glory and triumph in the matchless dramas of Shakespeare ; what was crude and grotesque and barbarous became developed into fine art, by the genius of this great light of this culminating period of English literature. Can we wonder that all classes in this scenic and dramatic age,

“ Flocked to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson’s learned stock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy’s child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

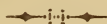
— *L’Allegro.*

It were arrogance to attempt even a brief analysis of the genius and works of Shakespeare. The literary world is full of learned books, illustrative, explanatory, philosophical, and philological. You can count by hundreds the different renderings given to some of his obscure passages—you can read until you are bewildered, the visionary theories of self-styled Shakesperian scholars, you may read the annotations, and the glossaries and the stormy discussions of all his champions, from Ben Jonson down to George Washington Moon—you may, with Judge Holmes,

deny his identity and attribute his plays to the genius of Bacon — you may say that it is impossible that a stock actor should know the inner life of courts, and the secrets of royalty itself, and out of this chaos of words and of opinions the universal *Genius* rises sublime above all his interpreters, his strong Anglo-Saxon words ringing out their rustic music and setting forth as no other man has set forth, the subtlest workings of the human mind and heart. By his magic pen, the Anglo-Saxon tongue out of the strange history through which it has passed, out of the base corruption to which it has been subjected, marched boldly into the front rank of spoken language, and is still awaiting a nobler destiny as a standard of communication throughout the world.

Addresses.

ADDRESS DELIVERED
BEFORE THE
MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY
IN BOSTON.



MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY :

We live in an age remarkable for successful industry in every department of human skill and enterprise. Each day adds to the stock of man's inventive faculty in the curious mechanisms for the quicker and easier accomplishment of labor, and the splendid results are seen in every town and hamlet in the land. Material prosperity, as one of the elements of our civilization, is also shown in the colossal fortunes amassed in our great cities, and in the monuments of skillful labor that adorn our streets, and stretch from sea to sea in a net-work of iron bands.

We hear the almost boastful cry of the successful men, of vast financial achievements, and the lips of

praise do swift homage to those giants who control great enterprises and hold the stock market in the palm of the hand.

Amid the devotion paid to the energy and the force that move this mighty machinery of business ; amid all our admiration for the wealth that builds cities, founds schools, endows hospitals, and contributes to the thousand charities that appeal to our humanity, let us inquire into another phase of a nation's greatness,—the intellectual elements that shape the thought, and give direction to those movements without which material prosperity would work its own decay.

The present age is quite as remarkable for scientific investigation and philosophic research, for acute analysis and profound questioning, as for any material success and splendor. Against the achievements of the Rothschilds and the Vanderbilts, we place the Pasteurs, the Darwins, the Spencers and the Bains. Philosophy, Science and Philology are also the products of our time, and stand side by side, and quietly but firmly hold their own, with the more pretentious forms of success that mark the industry of man.

The exalted position of the medical profession to-day is largely due to the patient investigations of the scientist in the laboratory and with the microscope.

While the great world has pursued its noisy way, the scholar has been busy in the recluse of his inner sanctuary,* solving those problems, and unfolding those subtle theories that challenge our respect and admiration. Recent contributions to medical science form an epoch in our history. Who can estimate the value of that treasure-house, the chemical laboratory? What wonders in pathological analysis are daily unfolded by the microscope! How, by the invention and use of the most delicate instruments can we detect the faintest indication of incipient disease! How, by minute dissection and a thorough understanding of the adaptation and relations of bone and muscle, fibre and tissue, some of the recent triumphs in operative surgery have been obtained! How broad and generous have become the modes of thought that give shape to our literature, and place our profession among the foremost of the learned systems of the world!

This is seen in the sharpness with which the investigations, and theories, and hypotheses of scientists are challenged by their peers. No sooner does Robert Koch startle and delight the medical world

* "The laboratory is the forecourt of the Temple of Philosophy; and whoso has not offered sacrifices and undergone purification there has little chance of admission into the sanctuary."
— HUXLEY — *Life of Hume.*

by his "Etiology of Tuberculosis,"* showing the result of a long series of microscopical experiments, than a score of enthusiastic investigators review his experiments, and out of Strickler's laboratory comes Spina,† with a series of investigations calculated to completely overthrow Koch's theory which had made so promising a foothold, denying by the same line of experiments his most brilliant conclusions.‡

To the physician whose experience stretches over a quarter of a century, the condition of medical science to-day is full of sharp contrasts. He compares the abundant facilities for preliminary study with his own scanty resources in the days of his pupilage. He visits yonder building* with all its generous spaces and magnificent appliances; he examines the curriculum with its wide range of general and technical study; he sees the system of teaching and the methods of illustration conducted from a broader basis of scientific research and investigation; he looks with admiration upon the enthusiasm of the student,

* Die Etiologie das Tubercelose. Berliner Klin, 1882.

† Studien ueber Tuberculose. Wien, 1883.

‡ And what is this contest but a repetition of the profound conception of Aristotle, — that "Science begins when from a great number of experiences one general conception is formed which will embrace all similar cases."

* New Building of the Harvard Medical School, Boylston St., Boston, dedicated Oct. 17, 1883.

as, with an honest emulation, he works in the laboratory or in the dissecting room ; and he mentally exclaims : “ Would that I were young again, to revel in all this wealth of advantage and opportunity ! ”

But this evolution in medical teaching is but the outgrowth of humble beginnings. The foundations laid by the fathers were well laid, and year by year, we have witness of their wisdom, and zeal, and patience in preparing the way for these larger results.

How redolent of honest praise are the names of Warren, and Jackson, and Bigelow. What a debt of gratitude we owe to those great lights in medical science that have just disappeared from our horizon. How universal is the homage paid to the genius of Sims, and Parker, and Gross, whose wise and profound teachings, combined with the labors of our eminent living teachers, have shaped the methods, and guided the research of modern thought and investigation ;

“ With truth’s directness, meeting each occasion,
Straight as a line of light ! ”

The example of the University in establishing a sounder system of medical education, has been productive of wholesome results. And, inspired and impelled by the example, the other great medical

schools of the land are revising their courses of study, and broadening and deepening their methods of instruction. So that the ambitious student, desirous of obtaining a thorough preparation for the great duties of our profession, finds the doors of science wide open to invite and to receive him, that she may unfold her mystic stores.

As the preparations for the work of the profession are so ample, as the avenues to success are so full of dignity and honor, how steadfast and noble should be the allegiance to the hand that has led us on. For, as Lord Bacon expresses it: "I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereto." *

The physician, by the special discipline for his work, and by the delicate relations he sustains to his patients, enlists confidence, and his opinions carry the weight of authority. He stands at those gateways of anguish that open and close upon mortal life. His fingers are upon those delicate keys whose slightest touch vibrates through a thousand strings. His well-attuned ear detects the faintest discord in the vital harmonies, and the varying phases of morbid action cannot escape the searchings of his aided vision.

* Maxims of the Law, Preface.

But there are relations of a more general character that demand our attention. The great public is ignorant upon matters of vital interest, and it may not be unprofitable to use the indulgence of this hour and consider the attitude of the

PHYSICIAN AS A POPULAR EDUCATOR.

What, then, are some of the topics that claim attention in our *general* relations to the community? Foremost stands the prolific question of SANITARY SCIENCE.

The literature of hygiene has been scattered broadcast over the land during the last decade. Science has been busy in unfolding to the public the more common sources of disease as found in house-drainage, and in the ordinary methods of disposing of sewage. When the modern system of household appliances was first introduced into our dwellings, we were so fascinated with the ingenious contrivances that they found a ready place in every part of our houses. Bedrooms, passageways, and halls were adorned with the glitter of marble basin and plated faucet, while convenient bath-rooms opened directly into the sleeping apartments of guests, without much reference to the character of the plumbing or the construction of sewers. As a result, fine residences

became the receptacles of filth distributed in an ingenious net-work of piping, as if contrived especially for the introduction of disease from cellar to attic.

This condition has been largely modified by the intelligent oversight of Boards of Health, and under the guidance of our State Board rapid strides are being made toward the remedying of many popular delusions. Still, much ignorance prevails concerning the simplest rules of health as respects domestic arrangements, and the physician by his familiarity with the location and the construction of houses, can, by timely interference, reform many grave errors, and prevent their repetition in newly constructed homes.

The ambitious and successful business man, anxious to build a fine house, is apt to leave the plan of its construction entirely to the architect, who too often concentrates his thought upon the æsthetic aspects of the structure, so appealing to the eye, and so gratifying to the taste. The essential provision for plumbing and drainage is dealt with as of secondary importance, and the house of our friend and patient which we are expected to praise and admire is full of the results of bungling plumbing, and leaky pipes and a damp cellar unconsciously defile and dim the pretentious beauty of drawing-room and hall.

In our own metropolis of Boston these defects are

painfully apparent. Recent reports assure us that many fine residences in the Back Bay region are deficient in sanitary safeguards. Hundreds of houses are built upon piles in made ground. In the process of settling, which may continue for years, the drains become dislocated, and this permits sewage to saturate the foundation and sub-soil. "I have known," writes a standard authority,* "seventy-eight cart-loads of earth polluted in this way to be taken from under a building in the city of Boston." Official reports tell us that of three hundred and fifty-one houses examined in Boston in 1878, fifty-five per cent of the drains were imperfect.

Not long since a successful business man invited his family physician to visit and inspect his new dwelling house built on the outskirts of a suburban city. The house was a "Queen Anne cottage" of the most approved pattern, picturesque in quaint gables and odd porches, and rich in the glow of color from tinted wall and painted glass. The hand of the artist was everywhere apparent, and each adornment suggested a home of refinement and taste. After admiring all these elements of beauty, the medical friend was practical enough to inquire as to the disposal of sewage and the appliances for ventilation and heating. The owner of this "gem of a cottage" was quite

* Charles F. Wingate. "Unsanitary Houses of the Rich," *North American Review*, August, 1883.

oblivious on these points. They had been left to the plumber and the mason, with no personal or official oversight. It was found, upon examination, that the house sewage flowed directly into a cesspool situated in close vicinity to the house, and unprotected by any trap. The water-closets were supplied by pipes coming from the cistern containing the water used for culinary purposes, and the cellar was damp from the defective drainage of the clay bottom; and neither bath-room nor water-closet had any adequate means of ventilation. The satisfied owner was appalled when told that his beautiful home contained the germs of disease and death, and the good physician only regretted that his unwelcome detection had not been more timely.

How invaluable may be the suggestions and advice of the members of this Society in the location and the construction of dwellings, schoolhouses and factories. In a large factory in a neighboring city in this state, the water-closets furnished for the operatives on each floor were unprotected by traps, and, as there was no official inspection of the building, the fact was unknown to the owner of the establishment until an epidemic among the operatives directed the attention of the the resident physicians to the sanitary condition of the premises.

Since the passage of the Act of 1877, authorizing the establishment of local Boards of Health in the larger towns of the Commonwealth, there has been a marked improvement in those localities that have availed themselves of the wise provisions of the statute. And physicians have rendered a noble work of self-sacrifice in organizing such Boards, and consenting to remain in official position until a good working system could be secured.

But many of our communities have not yet established such Boards, and the smaller towns cannot have the advantages of a complete organization. It is here that the physician can render most efficient work by personal instruction to his neighbors, in feasible methods of water supply, in local drainage, in household cleanliness, and in those minor sanitary details which pertain to the order and the decencies of life.

To what kind of places do we send our patients in the summer months, for the tonic influences of the blessed air from mountain or sea? Are we careful to inspect the premises and acquaint ourselves with the sanitary conditions of these resorts? How often are they deficient in the simplest rules of cleanliness, with privy, pig-sty and well in convenient proximity to each other, while frequently, especially in the farm-

houses, the dark and unventilated cellars are reeking with the odors of decaying cabbage-leaves and musty cider barrels. At a favorite sea-side resort last summer, typhoid fever made its appearance in one of the "cottages," when it was found that the victims had been drinking water from a well percolated and poisoned by sewage from a defective drain-pipe.

Typhoid dysentery often appears at the old farm-houses to which we send invalids, and we find too late the stagnant pools of sink-water and the damp and filthy cellar. These vicious conditions will be remedied when we lift up the warning voice, and declare that no patronage shall be given to any resort, however popular, that does not comply with the wholesome and simple rules of sanitary science.

Is the question, "What do we eat," too trivial to arrest the attention of the physician? The people of New England are far behind the rest of the civilized world in the practical accomplishments of the culinary art. In the bustle and hurry of our busy population, but little attention has been given to the sanitary conditions of cooking, and there is much of truth in the assertion, that a French cook will make a nutritious dinner from the remnants of food that we consign to the waste barrel. How rarely do we find good bread, even in families where there is abundance

of provisions. How fondly do we cling to the conventional pie and doughnut, as if they were chief among the inalienable rights inherited from the fathers. We smile at the astonished Frenchman who exclaimed, "What a people, a hundred religions and only one gravy!" And yet is there not a sound philosophical principle involved in this ejaculation, so far as the gravy is concerned? Most of our methods of cooking seem contrived to destroy rather than to conserve the nutritious elements of the animal fibre, the albumen, the gelatine, and the fibrine. We have much to learn, not only from the French, but also from the Scandinavians as to the methods of preparing food that shall be palatable, nutritious and easily digestible.

When that intelligent observer, M. Taine, was visiting England, and inquiring into the methods of domestic life, he asked his host, "How do you cook vegetables in England?" "Cook them!" was the astonished reply, "why we *boil* them, how else *should* we cook them?"

In this connection, there is an important class of the community demanding our attention. I refer to the laborers and operatives in our large towns, who labor on the public works, and in the factories. Many of these hard-working people are in the habit of

“carrying their dinner,” which is of course eaten cold, and the contents of these little tin pails and baskets are richer in their variety than in nutrition. No wonder that we have been called a race of dyspeptics. He will be a benefactor to his generation, as well as “put money in his purse,” who will devise a simple method of soup distribution among the operatives who depend upon this cheerless method of dining. With large tin cans, transported on hand-carts, hot soup could easily be distributed by dextrous hands among the shops and factories, and for a few cents a comforting and sustaining meal could thus be furnished.

How often do we trace the sallow, attenuated look, the languid eye, and the feeble, inelastic step of many who seek our advice, to the lack of proper food at the proper time ! How frequently are we obliged to attribute the complicated train of female diseases to the miserable methods of living in cheap boarding-houses, combined with the constant demands of manual labor !

We need more of chemistry as applied to cooking. The public must be instructed in simple methods of preparing food, so that the nutritious elements will be retained ; and what better service can the practical chemist render, than to prepare a convenient hand-book

for popular use, containing plain directions upon this vital subject? The philanthropist would substantially advance such benevolent work by offering a prize for the best treatise on practical cooking, for general distribution among cooks of every grade, from the elaborate culinary establishments of the homes of wealth, from the fashionable saloon, hotel and eating-house, down to the humble kitchen of the frugal housewife.

What kind of places do many of our business men occupy as offices where they make the money spent in the elegant houses where dwell the pets and the idols of home? Too often these counting houses and offices are found in dark, narrow streets, and located in a basement, full of the stifling odors from ill-ventilated warerooms and cellars. Here are found clerks working by gas-light in mid-day, and the result is seen in the sunken eye and the sallow look and the shrunken muscle. Many such places exist in this goodly city, and the laws of mercy cry out for the protection of those who are forced to occupy them.

In the CONDUCT OF THE SICK ROOM, the services of the physician as teacher are of the first importance. It is here where ignorance will reign supremely, and with fatal sway, unless the firm and intelligent hand

of authority interferes in behalf of the helpless and patient sufferers. In the furnishing of the room, in the disposition of air and sunlight and artificial heat ; in matters of cleanliness in the clothing and in the necessary appurtenances, and above all in the *nursing*, the vigilant eye and the guiding genius of the medical attendant are among the essential elements in the successful treatment of disease.

In private practice as well as in hospitals, the physician should seek to have the furnishing of the sick room very simple, with as little of drapery and heavy carpeting as possible, and he should endeavor to secure ventilation and a proper adjustment of light by such contrivance as his ingenuity can suggest. The popular prejudice against air and sunlight has not yet faded from the face of the earth, and often the attendant will exclude both of these vital elements, as if they were the cause rather than the antidote of disease. In the regulation of artificial heat a good thermometer in the sick room is all important, and its registration should be insisted upon by the physician, and *his* standard of cleanliness in the care of the clothing and the vessels of the room should be often held up as a guide, and, if needful, as a terror to the presiding genius.

It must be confessed that the average nurse, as

found in our country towns and villages, is not the ideal guardian angel of camps and of hospitals, whose fairy shadow, as she flits along the corridors, falls like a benediction upon the helpless sufferers. The country physician has to deal with different material, and oftentimes his greatest embarrassment in the treatment of disease arises from the ignorance or duplicity of the nurse. In the larger towns and cities, and especially in the metropolis, this difficulty has been effectually met and overcome by the training of nurses in the hospitals, and a noble army of helpers is now in the process of this discipline, whose intelligent labors will add to the success of medical treatment wherever they are available.

But in the towns where hospitals do not exist, the trained nurse is almost unknown except in the most highly favored families. This vital want can be effectually met by the physicians of any given locality in the establishment of normal classes for the instruction of all women desiring the office of nurse, the physicians acting as teachers, under a system simple and elastic in its operation. In these classes, instruction should be given in those essential duties of the sick room which ought to come within the province of every attendant deserving the name of nurse. The basis of such instruction and its practical working are

most admirably and succinctly set forth by Prof. Jacobi, in an address delivered a year ago before the Mt. Sinai Training School for Nurses.* He says :—

“ May I tell you what a good trained nurse may teach, and can teach? How to recognize a fever, how to compare the local temperatures of the several parts of the body, and how to equalize them ; she knows that ever so many feeble children might have been saved, if but the feet and legs had not been allowed to get cold ; how to bathe, when, and when to stop ; how to regulate the position of the head — I remember quite well the case of inflammatory delirium which would always be relieved by propping up the head — how to treat intelligently an attack of fainting ; how to render cow’s milk digestible by repeated boiling, or lime-water, or table-salt, or farinaceous admixtures ; how to feed in case of diarrhoea ; how to refuse food in case of vomiting ; how to apply and when to remove cold to the head ; how to ventilate a room without draught ; and a thousand other things. She will also use her knowledge and influence in weaning the public of nostrums, concerning which hardly anything is known except what you

* Address delivered at the first commencement of the Mount Sinai Training School for Nurses, May 12, 1883. By Abraham Jacobi, M. D.

have to pay for the promises of the label. She will break the public of the indiscriminate use of quinia, with its dangers possibly for life ; cure you of the tendency of making the diagnosis of malaria the scapegoat of every unfinished or impossible diagnosis ; she will teach you that the frequent and reckless domestic use of chlorate of potassium leads to many a case of ailment, to chronic poisoning, possibly in the shape of Bright's disease, or to acute poisoning with unavoidable death. These are but very few of the things she can do, and but a little of the knowledge she cannot but distribute."

We might add to this enumeration, the ability to meet the many emergencies incident to the sick room. How to arrest a post-partum hæmorrhage, how to tie the umbilical cord, how to assist in administering anæsthetics in puerperal convulsions, and, above all, how to prepare the nourishment ordered by the physician.

Ask the ordinary nurse how she makes that popular decoction known as beef-tea, or how she prepares the artificial food that many infants are doomed to feed upon, and we shall find a lack of method and uniformity almost ludicrous. Here is where the training hand of the physician should be felt, and by actual

object-teaching should he give the necessary instruction.

In those families where the limitations of poverty forbid the luxury of a nurse, the physician can do a timely service by the enforcement of a few simple rules for the relief of the suffering patient, and oftentimes he can introduce a system of attendance easily comprehended and followed. But what shall he do when he is confronted by the abodes of

“Poverty, hunger and dirt?”

— the haunts of idleness, shiftlessness and drunkenness; where the wretched offspring of disease and crime huddle together in the helplessness of want! It is here that he must assume the part of the philanthropist, and stoop down, and with pitying hands minister to God’s suffering poor.

And can he not do more than this? Can he not, by his influence among the more favored classes, assist in the establishment of a *system of ministrations* that shall result in lifting up these wretched sons of want, so that the coming generation, at least, can have some appreciation of the decencies of industry and of cleanliness. It is a noble part of the ministry peculiar to our profession to be able to inspire hope, and confidence, and an honest industry among the de-

scendants of families that for generations have sat in the "dark by-places," with no aspiration and no purpose. And in this way something effectual can be accomplished towards arresting the frightful mortality among the children of the poor.

A noble army of women is doing a benevolent work in relieving the *immediate* wants of these poor sufferers. But in the broader and more radical work of instituting a system of distribution that shall look to a *reformation*, the physician, by his intimate knowledge of the causes of poverty and suffering, must act an important part as adviser and educator. To him, in a special sense belongs the duty of suggesting to charitable bodies, plans of operation that shall secure those practical results so essential to the substantial success of free and generous giving.

THE ETHICS OF THIS SOCIETY, in their relation to a certain class of medical practitioners, are grossly misapprehended by the public. People can readily understand why we can have no affiliation with the vulgar charlatan or the arrant quack, but they do not as easily comprehend our attitude towards another class, composed largely of men of culture and high social position; men who, perhaps, were educated in the same schools and colleges, and who seem in all

respects to be peers with the fellows of this honored Society. Representatives of other professions have not been slow in their strictures, and we have been charged with bigotry, narrowness and jealousy, because of our position in this relation.

Much of this criticism arises from the ignorance of the popular mind as to the causes that compel an adherence to the fundamental principle, that the practice of medicine has a basis as broad and liberal as science itself, and therefore it cannot be limited in its universal scope by any system based upon an *exclusive dogma*, and depending for its success upon the charm of a "distinctive appellation."

We might explain to all such critics, and without any compromise of professional dignity or of self-respect, that, from the very nature of things, these exclusive practitioners are the victims of their own environment; that, by the narrowing process of their own theory, they shut themselves outside the generous fellowship of liberal thinking, and take refuge within the walls that they have built. Is this the way that "star-eyed science" conducts her votaries? Is she exclusive? Has she secrets locked up and hidden from the search of universal investigation? Is it not time that the epithets "regular," "old school," "allopath," popular nicknames coined by the opposers

of science were discarded from our vocabulary and ignored forever? We desire no other title than the simple, homely name of Physician, a term broad enough to embrace all that is desirable or possible in the art of healing ; that recognizes every hint or suggestion of a liberal or intelligent experience ; that receives into its vocabulary the nomenclature of the honest, patient investigator, and accepts new theories, even at the sacrifice of those long cherished, but no longer practical methods of the past.

Not long since, a member of this Society was entertaining a company of clergymen around his hospitable board, when the conversation turned upon that phase of our ethics relating to the discipline of certain members. "Why is it," said a leading divine to his host on this occasion, "that your Society pursues such a severe and illiberal course toward members who differ from you in methods of practice?" The genial doctor explained that the course pursued was based upon the same principal as that which governs all social compacts. "What would you do with a member of your religious body who denied the fundamental elements of your doctrinal statement ; who assumed another and distinctive title based upon a speculation? And more than all that, who assisted in organizing and supporting a system whose princi-

ples were in direct opposition to those held vital to your existence?" "Do with him?" said the good minister, with commendable zeal, "We'd have him disciplined, and if he didn't repent and recant, we'd cut him off!" "That is somewhat like our position," was the quiet and convincing reply.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, in high position in the legal profession, whose sick daughter was attended by a homœopathic physician, was highly incensed when a member of this Society declined a consultation. The judge, who could adjust a knotty point of law, failed to discern the ethical relations of this case, and the only difference that he could see between the two practitioners was, that one was far more liberal and elastic in his practical methods than his conservative neighbor. He subsequently learned, however, that the cause of refusal was not based upon any narrow or selfish ground; that it did not depend upon the administration of large doses or small doses, nor upon the *belief* in any particular dogma. The fault was in the assumption of a title and the formation of an organization "distinct from, and opposed to, the medical profession."

Why not distinctly emphasize the statement, so that he that runs may read and understand, that the medical profession has no limitations except such as

are made by science itself ; that anywhere and everywhere a welcome is extended to all who comply with the benign and rational conditions of membership ; that a profession based upon bigotry, narrowness or illiberality cannot exist under the searching light of the nineteenth century ?

The attitude of the public in regard to the management of CONTAGIOUS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES is often at fault, and it is here where the timely interference of the physician is of vital moment.

Notwithstanding the rules and restrictions of Boards of Health, the grossest carelessness prevails, and exposure to diseases accounted contagious is encouraged by this easy-going negligence. Take, for instance, that much dreaded malady, diphtheria. Dr. Elisha Harris, of New York, in his report of the investigations made by him of the epidemic that occurred in Vermont in 1879, makes the following practical suggestions. "No other disease in our northern states has been more generally regarded as unpreventable, and none more capricious and fatally obstinate in its mode of prevalence, than diphtheria. Its apparently, and very probably sporadic origin in numerous instances ; its invasion of the most salubrious, as well as the most insalubrious quarters ; its variable

malignancy, and its rapid fatality in numerous cases wherever it prevails, have furnished ample occasions for the unsettled opinions and sanitary regulations which prevail in regard to this destructive malady. Medical men no longer reject the conclusion which experience has taught concerning the personally contagious attribute of diphtheria ; but as this attribute is variable in its intensity in different cases and on different occasions, apparently, sanitary precautions and regulations adopted to extinguish or wholly control the virus of this disease are only occasionally applied and enforced.”*

This condition of things in relation to this disease, (so carefully and so cautiously stated by high authority,) has resulted in a deplorable looseness among all classes. Because the contagion of diphtheria differs from that of other well-known diseases in the character of inception and development, the public mind becomes indifferent to the suggestions of sanitary authorities, and in many localities we find an almost open defiance to all precautions. There is often no system of isolation during the prevalence of an epidemic ; there is gross neglect in the use of such disinfectants as are sanctioned by the best authorities ; there is but little attention paid to the cleansing of houses, bedding and clothing ; and, worse than

* Annual Report of National Board of Health, page 291.

all, there is a reckless disregard for the safety of the living in the disposal of the bodies of those who have fallen victims of the disease. Numerous instances could be cited where public funerals have been held, and the body of the dead child, bedecked with floral emblems in an open casket, has been followed to the grave by a procession of school children. This dangerous expression of sentiment finds encouragement too often by clergymen, teachers, and even parents, especially when the victim of the malady is a favorite child and very generally beloved. People need wholesome rules from the physician in the conduct of this disease, and, in the absence of local sanitary authority, his word must be potent in its explicitness, and with a savor of authority in its practical application.

There is another question growing out of contagious diseases that is engrossing no little attention. I refer to VACCINATION.

The public mind is somewhat divided as to the efficacy of vaccination as a preventive or modifier of small-pox, and also as to the danger attending the operation in transmitting certain loathsome diseases, more to be dreaded than the pest against which the prophylactic treatment is directed. In every little

community, in every rural school district, there will be found men who will rebel at any attempt at compulsory vaccination, and oftentimes family feuds and bitter personal strife are the disagreeable results of an order for a general protection during a visitation of small-pox. Certain newspaper writers keep up the controversy, and sometimes a member of our profession widens the breach by the authority of his assertions, or by the sophistry that lurks in isolated statistics, and in the glamor of semi-professional nomenclature.

Sir Lyon Playfair has presented a masterly array of facts, too convincing to admit of controversy, and which are worthy of reproduction. A military surgeon testified before the committee of 1871, that of over one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers vaccinated, not one instance was on record of the transmission of disease by the operation. And of the 17,000,000 children vaccinated within the last thirty years, Sir Lyon challenged any one to produce four authentic cases that had been poisoned by a syphilitic taint.

And in further elucidation of his position he presented a concise array of facts showing the beneficial results of vaccination. These facts are so succinct that they are of practical value in meeting popular errors upon this vital topic.

In forty years after the introduction of vaccination into England the death-rate from small-pox had fallen from 3000 per million to 600 per million, and after gratuitous vaccination had been ordered in 1841 the average mortality was brought down in thirteen years to 305 per million.

Again, when vaccination was made compulsory, in 1871, the ratio of fatality was reduced to 223 per million; while in Scotland, in 1882, the rate was only 6 per million.

In London the deaths of the protected and unprotected are relatively 90 and 3350 per million, while in America the deaths of the unvaccinated are 50 per cent. in Boston, 64 per cent. in Philadelphia, and 54 per cent. in Montreal; and among the vaccinated the mortality is from 15 to 17 per cent.

It would seem, then, to be an easy matter to convince even the most skeptical that vaccination is a necessary means of defence against a terrible disease, and with Jaques in "*As you Like It*," the physician can confidently exclaim, with reference to this scourge of mankind :

"Give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will, through and through,
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine !"

What better service can the profession render to the community than to assert a well-defined polity against SUPERSTITION, EMPIRICISM, and QUACKERY?

The medical world has been more or less under the sway of superstition from the time of the early Egyptians to the latter part of this nineteenth century. During the highest period of Grecian civilization the disciples of Æsculapius depended upon feasts, fastings, and religious ceremonies for the cure of disease. The Romans combated the plague by incantations to the gods in the temple of Jove. The early Christian church believed that the power to cure disease lay wholly with the bishops and elders by the use of a miraculous power, independent of remedial agents. In later times, kings and queens of England and France claimed the power of curing disease by the laying on of hands. Queen Anne touched the king's evil of Dr. Johnson, who was brought by his mother in his infancy for royal treatment by recommendation of a distinguished physician of Lichfield. And this kingly prerogative which prevailed through the Stuart dynasty, was afterward assumed by those of less note, who passed through all the stages of wonder-working power possible to a diseased imagination.

Of the multiplied forms of superstition that have

come down to us as a legacy, some are too trifling and harmless to deserve attention. Let the Dr. Johnsons remain happy by always putting forward the left foot on entering a room, and allow the college student the luxury of wearing a nutmeg strung around his neck as a talisman against disease. But when the foolish myths of an ignorant age are perpetuated and made to environ the pathway of a pregnant woman, and subject her footsteps to a succession of pitfalls and spring-guns ; when the life of a young mother is made wretched by the old wives' fables of the dangers attending every period of lactation and dentition, it is well to challenge these miserable maxims and "call a halt."

Quackery does not always appear in the *role* of a mendicant who practices his base arts upon the unwary and the ignorant. It does not always flaunt its filthy rags and display the tawdry show of its stock-in-trade to the gaping crowds in the streets. It has other artifices and other devotees. It sometimes assumes the air of a gentleman and rides in a gilded coupe. It finds too easy access to the home of affluence and fashion, and the doors of the library and the boudoir open to its persuasive knock. It can adapt itself to all moods, and patiently lies in wait

for the weakness and duplicity of suffering humanity. It is in such lurking and subtle form and garb that this foe to science and to humanity is most to be feared. And do we not sometimes find it seeking refuge behind the protecting seal of a piece of parchment?

It is a grim satire upon the pride and glory of medical science that the confidence of the great public in the power of specifics, as curative agents, remains as strong as in the former days of alchemy and astrology. Perkins' tractors and Bishop Berkeley's tar-water are perpetuated in the long list of patent nostrums that come in like a flood and threaten to overwhelm the land. Colossal fortunes are amassed from the sale of vile concoctions whose virtues are set forth with all the glaring allurements of cheap art, and the convincing logic of those grateful people who, in turgid rhetoric, tell the suffering public of their ready relief from maladies which "regular physicians" had tried in vain to cure. What a piece of patchwork is man, with his garniture of liver pads, lung protectors, electric belts and jackets! How is he guarded from all pulmonary ailments by alternate trials of stuffing and starving! How is he led captive by the invitations and warnings that confront him in painted characters upon every available

rail-fence or rocky cliff in the land ! How does the poor long-suffering stomach run the peptonized gauntlet, and barely escape destruction in the dreadful ordeal ! And will not mercy cry out in pity for the helpless babies in their struggles with many of the preparations of artificial food ? Denied the nourishment that nature so bounteously pours out, these poor victims of mercenary greed are stuffed with an ever-varying round of compounds that vie with each other only in the different grades of worthlessness.

Empiricism not unfrequently appears in the itinerant lecturer, who, with an airy grace, exhibits his credentials, and unfolds his manikins and his skeletons to the applauding public. And, having prepared the way by a generous course of free lectures, he plies his specialty with lucrative success, and then leaves his victims to wonder why they are not cured, while he is "over hills and far away" with his ill-gotten gains. And before the old-fashioned family doctor has finished making repairs on mutilated eyes and scarified organs of generation, or has found time to remove the pessaries and supporters, and liver-pads and electric belts, the annual visitant again appears, and finds new victims to his devices, with a generous patronage from his old dupes.

Massachusetts is far behind many of her sister states in the enactment of laws regulating the practice of medicine. While nearly every other state and territory have done something, more or less effective, in this direction, our own state is unprotected, and quackery in every form is practically unhindered in its imposition upon the public.

The Illinois Board of Health did important service in the exposure, in November, 1882, of the fraudulent "Bellevue Medical College of Massachusetts," which issued medical diplomas under the protection of a law relating to "Manufacturing and other Corporations." And the officers of this "bogus" college contended that they had a legal right to issue diplomas and confer degrees without any restriction on account of study or professional attainments. The United States Commissioner, before whom the trial was had, held this plea to be valid, and dismissed the case with the following remarks: "The state has authorized this college to issue degrees, and it has been done according to legal right. The law makes the faculty of the college the sole judges of eligibility of applicants for diplomas. If the faculty choose to issue degrees to incompetent persons, *the laws of Massachusetts authorize it.*"

Such an outrageous possibility, under a law of

Massachusetts, has been cancelled, and the state saved from further disgrace in this direction, by the passage, June, 1883, of an act forbidding any corporation organized under the law referred to from "conferring medical degrees or issuing diplomas, unless specially authorized by the Legislature so to do."

Why should Massachusetts lag so far behind other states in the enactment of laws so wise, just, and humane? Laws, not primarily intended to protect the medical profession, but to stand between the public and the horde of vampyres that feed upon the life blood of their ignorant, superstitious and deluded victims.

Is it not the duty of the members of our profession to educate the popular mind into a right appreciation of this vital question, and so to enlighten our legislators as to induce them to enact laws that shall redeem the good old Bay State from the contumely of fostering, by her legislation, the basest kind of frauds upon her citizens?

Such, then, Mr. President and Fellows, are some of the methods by which the physician can render service to the public. It may be unrequited service; it may be called drudgery, but it is the drudgery that comes from ministration and sacrifice. It is the ser-

vice essentially belonging to the highest ideal of the medical profession ; a profession which makes the most profound problems of scientific research subservient to the wants of suffering humanity ; whose noblest teachers and specialists are found wherever misfortune and woe have sown the seeds of disease.

It is a service scattered broadcast over the land. The same in the country doctor who toils among the hills of Berkshire, or along the sandy reaches of the Cape, as in the city practitioner who threads his way, not only among the homes of affluence, but also through the lanes and alleys, — the “Ghettos of the poor.” In the eloquent words of “Hyperion,” the physician is the servant of the public, — “toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much ; and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, lies down in the grave and sleeps the sleep of death, and the world talks of him while he sleeps ! And as in the sun’s eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse does he behold the lights of the great Eternity, burning solemnly and forever.”

*ADDRESS ON THE PRESENTATION
OF THE PORTRAIT OF HARRIET NEWELL
TO THE BRADFORD ACADEMY.*



“Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our souls in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.”

And our souls to-day, Mr. President, rise to higher levels under the inspiration of this sentiment of the poet. Seventy-two years ago, in the little village of Haverhill, on the other side of the Merrimack, a beautiful young woman, nineteen years of age, consecrated her life to the work of foreign missions. This determination, so full of novelty, so tinged with the ideal of romantic adventure, was a mystery to her youthful companions, and many of the savants of the village shook their heads in grave doubt as to the results of an enterprise that promised so little. But Harriet Atwood had made up her mind to a high resolve.

When she gave her life to the service of Christ in her conversion, it was no unmeaning ceremony. It meant anything and anywhere with the Divine Master for a leader, and He who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life, was to her a complete pattern and guide.

In the ancestral home, and in the village church in Haverhill, she had learned the story of the cross. From that little band of devout and earnest men, gathered in the old meeting-house at the foot of this hill, she heard the cry of distress from far-off lands ; from the pious teachers of this time-honored Academy, she imbibed the missionary spirit ; her purpose became strengthened, she joined her life with the life of Samuel Newell, and henceforth Harriet Newell stands before the world as one of the pioneers in the work of American foreign missions.

“Companion-saint with her, who shares with thee,
The Christian wreath of immortality !”

Among her private papers we find the following record, bearing date Aug. 27, 1809 : “When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the Academy at Bradford. A revival of religion commenced in the neighborhood, which in a short time spread into the school. A large number of the young

ladies were anxiously inquiring what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire what these things meant. My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. My convictions were not as pungent and distressing as many have had, but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months before I was brought to cast my soul on the Saviour of sinners, and rely on Him for salvation. The ecstasies which many new-born souls possess were not mine, but I was filled with a sweet peace, a heavenly calmness, which I never can describe. The character of Jesus appeared infinitely lovely, and I could say with the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth I desire but Thee.'"

Under date of March 1, 1811, occurs this "Devotion" breathing the spirit of St. Augustine: "Father of lights, it is the office of Thy Spirit to create holy exercises in the hearts of Thy creatures. Oh, may I enter upon this month with renewed resolutions to devote myself exclusively to Thee, that at its close I may not sigh over misspent hours."

And after she had decided to give her life to the work of foreign missions, in a letter to an intimate friend, just before she left her native land forever, she writes: "The glorious morn of the millennium hastens.

With an eye of faith, we pass the mountains that now obstruct the universal spread of the gospel, and behold with joy unspeakable the beginning of a cloudless day, the reign of peace and love. Shall we be content to live indolent, inactive lives, and not assist in the great revolution, about to be effected in this world of sin? Let worldly ease be sacrificed; let a life of self-denial and hardships be welcome to us, if the cause of God may thereby be most promoted and sinners most likely to be saved."

Short, indeed, was her career. Within a twelve-month she fell a victim to disease, and after many severe hardships, and much suffering, she found a grave in the distant Isle of France, before the work of her mission was hardly begun. From a worldly standpoint, her career would be accounted a failure. But, oh, what an impulse did her sweet young life give to the great cause of Christian missions! How did her example inspire faith and courage in many timid and doubting souls! How has her name come down through the generations as a talisman to every heroic Christian heart! How, under its glowing beauty, has woman given up the allurements of home and friends and joined the noble army whose banners now stream in every clime! Such a life is not in vain. It is perpetuated in a long line of faithful followers, whose paths "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

We have before us to-day a touching illustration of the power of this young life in moulding and shaping Christian character. When the memoirs of Harriet Newell were published, shortly after her death, they fell into the hands of a young girl who was deeply impressed by the example of sacrifice and self-consecration set forth in the little volume. Her life, too, was consecrated to the blessed work of ministration, presenting to us in beautiful symmetry, the dignity of true womanhood. This little book was fondly cherished by this devout woman, who, as the wife of the late Dr. Dorus Clarke, became eminent in that faithful band of Christian workers whose praise is in all the churches. Her daughter, Mrs. Hammond, of Boston, presents this precious souvenir to the library of this Academy, to be preserved among its choice treasures.

It is most fitting that Bradford Academy should recognize such a character as that of Harriet Newell, for it is but an outgrowth of the system of instruction that has marked the history of this school from its earliest inception to the present time. It is here that the great lesson of ministration and sacrifice has been persistently and faithfully taught. It is here where pious teachers have given a divine impulse to many a youthful heart that has borne the fruit of a noble life, not only in the high places of the world, but also

“In the calm and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.”

And so, Mr. President, this graceful memorial which we present here to-day, has been furnished by one whose interest in this school has been unremitting, whose early life came under the influence of its instruction, and whose services in later years as a member of the board of visitors have been highly valued by the Trustees. She gives it to this school in behalf of the Center Congregational Church in Haverhill, which has been for generations the religious home of an honored ancestry, that church whose early annals, under another title, bore the name of Harriet Atwood. Receive it, sir, as a symbol of devotion to a high and holy principle. May it take its place upon these walls beside the portraits of other notable characters whose fame has added dignity to this institution.

And as the pupils who are here before us to-day, and those who shall gather here in the coming years, look upon the girlish face, so faithfully delineated by the artist, and learn the touching story that it represents, may they receive the inspiration set forth by one of our poets, and say :

“Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
The victors' names are all too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee, is open still !”

Selections.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE — FAST DAY.



HAVERHILL, April 12, 1871.

I must tell you about my buying a horse. One of the first sights that impressed me on my arrival here, was the fine display of horses that greeted my eye on every side. These animals are not the large, sleek and fat specimens of the genus horse so often seen in the streets of Philadelphia. They are smaller, more graceful in their general contour, and much faster travellers. I found that nearly every business man, professional man, and thrifty mechanic, drove his team, not always the most stylish, but neat and trim. So Mary Ann and the children began to think that we were quite peculiar in our habits of walking to town, to church, to school and to business. I had quite a time in battling their prejudices, and set my face sternly against any foolish outlay for what we didn't need. But I could discover evident signs of unrest and discomfort among the group of faces around my table,

and Tom had the boldness to intimate (respectfully) that if we couldn't have a horse, he didn't want anything. What could I do? I must not make my household miserable in order to enjoy my pet theories, I reasoned, and from that moment I was lost. "Ah, your old weakness," I hear you say. Well, I went to a standard authority in horse trade, and threw myself upon his mercy. He understood the situation at once, he *took me in* with a benignant glance, and knew by intuition just what kind of an animal I wanted, and he had that very horse in his stable. Would I go and look at him? I went. Now my knowledge of the horse is in exact proportion to my familiarity with the habits and qualities of the royal Bengal tiger. So when the noble beast was trotted out I put on a very wise and knowing look, and when the age was determined by counting the teeth, and it was announced that he was just seven (although he really had more teeth than that), I became convinced that I could do no better deed than to buy the young and handsome fellow. I bought him for a good round sum, which my friend, the owner, said was cheap for such a beast, and patting me and the horse alternately, he waved me a graceful adieu as I drove my new purchase gaily out of the yard. I wisely thought it best to try the animal a little before I sur-

prised the intrenched at home. I therefore drove down the principal street, and I must say that I felt proud of my bargain, and quite guilty that I had been so long opposed to the wishes of my family. But all at once I saw something that went wrong with Prince (I had named him) for he pricked up his ears, and all at once stopped! I couldn't make him go. I gently struck him with my whip, when by a beautiful combination he kicked, reared and shied in one movement, and then assumed his passive attitude. A sympathetic crowd assembled, and various remedies were suggested, but all in vain. And then I heard some one in the crowd say, "he has bought that old balky hack—not worth fifty dollars—twenty-five years old, etc." I jumped from my seat and hired a by-stander to lead him back from whence he came, while I walked home musing upon human nature and Darwin's theory of natural selection.

The next morning, with the assurance that belongs to injured innocence, I paid a visit to the man who had so wronged me, that by my presence simply I might crush him. But he met me with the grace of an eastern prince, assuring me that never in the history of that horse had he been known to behave in such a manner. The fault was simply in my style of driving. I think I never saw such a pleasant man,

and gladly paying him fifty dollars to take the horse back, I went on my way relieved in spirit. In the evening I told my experience to my neighbor, who didn't seem much surprised, but kindly advised me to go into the country and buy a horse of an honest farmer. Before deciding to do this, I had made up my mind that I would never buy another horse without first trying him. I had also learned my mistake about the teeth, — that it was not the number of teeth but the marks upon them that indicate the age. Armed with this preparation I started off, some ten miles into New Hampshire, and after due inquiry found a good honest stock farmer, who had a horse that he didn't care to sell, but still he would let me examine him. I did this thoroughly, and then we tried him on the road. He went finely, and when the honest farmer tenderly touched him up with his long whip, I thought I had never seen a horse behave more kindly. After much persuasion the animal was mine, to be sent to me the next day. How happy we were the next afternoon, as we drove gaily out of the yard in our new beach-wagon with my honest country horse. Mary Ann and the children were so full of talk that I had unconsciously let the horse fall into a walk, so I kindly touched him up (*a la* honest farmer) but he wouldn't trot. I gently jerked the reins, still he walked. I

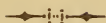
then urged him by all the epithets known to my stock of horse phrases, but he pursued the even tenor of his way, and he still pursues it. I think I shall keep him, for he is a very safe family horse, and walks well, but O, the fall that has ensued to the pride of the Rush family! But I cannot find it in my heart to blame the poor horse, and I comfort myself with the reflection that I bought him of an honest man.

* * * * *

Fast day passed by without any special recognition either by the religious or secular world. The day seemed to me to be a sort of compromise between Sunday and the fourth of July. The morning hours were devoted to church going while the afternoon was given up to amusement and recreation more or less boisterous according to the temper of the individual. The spirit and intent of the day as established by the fathers have been sadly lost in these days of material splendor and self-preferment. The concert in the evening was a very pleasant entertainment. The programme was what the musical critics would call "popular," but it pleased the audience extremely well for all that. Perhaps the persistent *encores* were in bad taste, but the singers good naturedly yielded to this caprice, and everybody seemed happy and satisfied. Mrs. West, the leading *soprano*

in Boston, sang at this concert, and in the quality of her voice, and the power of expression she reminded me strongly of Miss Pintard, formerly the most noted singer in Philadelphia, and who assisted Jennie Lind in some of her brilliant concerts in Musical Fund Hall. I am no musical critic, (Heaven forbid !), but I do confess to a genuine satisfaction when listening to the "concord of sweet sounds."

THE OLD BRIDGE.



HAVERHILL, April 11, 1873.

I know you are interested in whatever relates to old Haverhill as it was to us forty years ago. Forty years ! what a stretch of time for memory to glance over, and how crowded full of early experiences, that seem very tender and dear to us, as we begin to live more in the past than in the present or the future !

What son of Haverhill does not delight in Plug Pond, Ox Common, and Dr. Brickett's huckleberry hill? The faces and the voices of childhood come back again, and we count the names of the boys and girls that joined us in the simple sports of those early days. Don't you remember the group of merry girls sitting under the old pine tree on that northern slope on a hot day in August? How reverently we broke up bushes for them and laid them at their feet, that

they might pick the berries without exposure to the sun.

But I did not take up my pen to write a romance, but to tell you of a change about to be made in one of the old and most noted landmarks of our growing city.

The old Haverhill bridge is to come down ! That venerable wooden structure, so familiar to our boyish eyes, with its long, shed-like roof, its three noble spans of arches and massive piers, must soon give way to the march of improvement, to make place for a more modern structure of iron. To the casual observer and the new comer, this change will seem only natural and desirable ; but to every Haverhill boy of the past generation, the disappearance of the old bridge will seem like the loss of one of the "old familiar places," as Charles Lamb hath it.

How we used to look upon it as one of the wonderful things in our little creation, as we rowed or sculled beneath its lofty arches, and felt the cool currents of air that sucked through the dark spaces, and marvelled at the huge, interlacing timbers that supported the arched carriage-way above. Sometimes the more daring of our number would climb the lofty piers and run along the broad rafters, where a single misstep would have plunged us into the black current thirty feet below.

Don't you remember when the male department of Bradford Academy was in its glory, under the sharp eye of Preceptor Greenleaf, and some dozen of us boys used to go in groups over the old bridge every morning, to put ourselves under his discipline? We found it much more convenient to walk up among the rafters, or to crawl in and out among the many openings, than to walk soberly along the way appointed for pedestrians. Now and then, we would steal a chance to creep down the long stairs upon the abutments, and go in swimming from the sides of the piers, taking good care that the awful tollman did not find us in this predicament. Sometimes on our way home, when the tide was low, we would wade to the first pier on the Bradford side, and "go in" from that position.

But the greatest fascination for us was the line of stage-coaches that crossed the bridge every day on the route to Boston. The most favored of us would often catch a ride on the top of the coach with Thompson or Dow, as far as the Academy. Sometimes we ventured a ride with Pinkham, on the Salem stage, but that was rather a "slow coach" for us. What a rumbling was made by Slocumb's heavy baggage wagons, as they went in long line over the rattling planks of the bridge, laden with the boxes of shoes

from our early manufacturers. We would often hear their heavy thunder in a half dream, as they started off in the early morning, before daylight. But now a drove of Vermont cattle comes crowding down Main street. Let us take our station at the gate of the bridge and watch Greenleaf and Emerson as they count them, a thousand strong. How they huddle together as they press through the narrow gate and go careering over the trembling arches, affrighted at their own noise upon the loose planks.

Greenleaf, the tollman, had a sharp eye, and it was pretty difficult to "run toll," and we knew he had a stout horse-whip in the toll-house ready for the backs of daring ones who tried to slip by in a crowd. But sometimes, on "training day," we would somehow manage to screen ourselves behind some lofty soldier, and march boldly over to Bradford side.

But on glorious "muster day," on the plain on the opposite shore, we could manage to pass in the crowd and keep our two cents for gingerbread and pop-beer. Yes, dear old chum, these simple pleasant scenes come up before us now, as the hand of improvement is about to demolish the old landmark, with its familiar but homely length of arch and roof; and the little village as it looked forty years ago comes up before us. The old church, with its tall spire and the hand-

some green in front ; the Golden Ball Hotel, with swinging sign and immense gilt ball ; the long, low, narrow shops opposite, containing the Haverhill Bookstore, the Post-office, barber Galley's shop, Sheriff Bartlett's office, and Captain Trow's shoemaker's shop ; the curious steamboat, built by Captain Haseltine, that burst one of her seventy small boilers at every trip ; the long line of wharves, filled with merchandise, including the tempting molasses hogshead, with an air-hole just big enough for the insertion of a straw — these, with all their quaintness and poetry, come up before us. Nor can we forget the Haverhill Aqueduct, then in its primitive state of wooden logs. How intently we watched dear old Mr. Jordan, in his conventional cue, boring the pine logs with huge auger, always having a good supply on hand to replace any defunct pipe that had "sprung a leak." I am sorry to add that some of the more wicked boys would now and then toss a lump of fresh earth into the trench, where he was busy beneath, adjusting the logs.

But these things can never seem to our children as they do to us, and they often laugh at us when we talk them over in a sort of exhilarated dream. O, the rogues, they won't believe that there ever could have been any delight in those primitive days, when boys went barefooted, and when a ninepence on Fourth of

July was considered a princely gift from our stern and conservative fathers.

But the world moves, and if we do not move *with* it we shall be left behind. So we bid a kind adieu to the old, and welcome in the new.

SUMMER TALK.



HILLSIDE FARM, May 30, 1871.

As several respectable persons belonging to that great family, the Public, have expressed some interest in my letters to my good friend Colonel Bangs, I have been induced, I may say by "urgent solicitation," to continue my rambling talk. So, from my rural retreat, Hillside Farm, I shall take side glances at men and things, and give to the Gazette-reading world the result of my *philosophical* deductions !

We are quiet here on our farm, containing just one acre, agreeably diversified with hill and dale. Our lawn is crisp and green, well cropped with our patent cutter, our crops are coming up finely, and if the drought is not too severe, we shall reap abundant harvests all summer long. We have a very comfortable house. To be sure, it cannot boast of a Mansard

roof, or a cupola, but it is adorned with a very handsome chimney, which forms quite a striking architectural feature. And then we have woodbines, and madeira vines, and rose bushes, in abundance, and our beanpoles are tall and comely, patiently waiting for the graceful twining of the beans. In fact our farm looks well, and we invite all well-disposed persons to give us a friendly call, politicians, as such, quack doctors, and china peddlers excepted.

We have just finished that terrible work, so strangely fascinating to housekeepers — namely, house-cleaning. Mary Ann and I have a peaceable quarrel every season about the carpets, I insisting that they should be let alone until they are worn out, she gently contending that they must all come up. I will only add that said carpets *are* all up, well beaten, and safely stowed away until winter, while our floors are covered with nice, cool matting. Well, the rooms do seem cool this hot day, while a gentle, but emphatic voice says, “of course they do.” We have gone on very well contented in our country retreat, and have thought of ourselves as highly favored above many of our hot, dusty neighbors down below. But yesterday, the peace of my household was somewhat disturbed by a formal call from one of our lady friends. After admiring our “cosy, nice” rooms, and smiling ap-

provingly upon the display of taste in the arrangement of pictures, etc., (she is the female authority) she turned to Mary Ann and asked :

“Have you spoken for your rooms yet?”

“Rooms, what rooms?” innocently inquired my wife.

“Why, rooms in the country,” said she, evidently surprised at my good lady’s simplicity.

“But is not this the country?” she ventured to ask.

“O, but I mean away back among the mountains, amid the bold, grand things of nature, and all that, you know; why,” added she with great conclusive force, “everybody that *is* anybody always goes, either to the mountains or the sea-side, but the mountains are all the rage just now.”

“But my dear madam,” said I, venturing to interrupt, “we have come all the way from Philadelphia and are settled snugly here, for *very purpose* of enjoying the country air. Where can you find lovelier scenery or a more inviting retreat? Shall we leave all this, and subject ourselves to the inconveniences of hotel boarding, and all the miserable fooleries of fashionable” —

“Stop, sir, if you please,” said she with great dignity of manner, “you talk just like all the men. I was talking to Mrs. Rush.”

I felt somewhat chagrined at my interference, and beat a hasty and somewhat ignoble retreat to my garden, to meditate among my growing plants and vegetables.

But the effect of that visit is quite marked, and the complaints of my household about the heat, and the dust, and the noise, are frequent and sad. And now, nearly every morning, my good lady reads to me from the paper, some tempting chance for board in a farm-house, in the vicinity of the mountains or the lakes. I receive the information with great magnanimity and silent composure. "But what will people say of us if we stay cooped up here all summer?" Ah, that is a social question of great import, and I will take it into serious consideration, and report at some future time. Men build fine houses, fitted up with every comfort and luxury that taste and wealth can suggest, and furnish, and lay out beautiful grounds, and make their homes an earthly paradise, and then shut them up and leave all for the dreadful experiences of railroads, stage coaches and hotels. We have a neighbor who stays at home just long enough to paint and clean and beautify the establishment, and then away to some new scene of excitement or pleasure. Mr. Pickwick and his immortal party went to Bath, not for any special purpose, but simply be-

cause they never had been there. And so many people travel, not for any definite object, but simply to see sights that some more ambitious friend has seen. Whole families, poor innocent children and all, go sweltering in the cars through the long summer days, suffering all the inconveniences incident to such travel in search of they know not what. Their great purpose seems to be to get away from home. Away from cool refreshing north rooms, from nice bath rooms, and ice closets, and soft, fresh water, and a market. They leave all these comforts, and pay dearly for the pleasure of being made uncomfortable, and eating they know not what.

“But,” says Mrs. Malcontent, “people must have a change, and not keep cooped up at home like dunces all their days.” True, they must, but the change need not be made when all the Jenkinses are abroad. Why fret and worry out half your days, for fear some smart neighbor will outdo you in the matter of lace shawls, and diamonds? Why feel disturbed at the vulgar display of costly trinkets at a country boarding house, or why feel at all disturbed when some snobby fellow drives his splendid equipage, and puts your modest outfit all in the shade? We shall get ourselves into trouble just as soon as we suffer ourselves to be affected by the caprices of society. He is the

independent man, who looks upon the moving pageant of life, unmoved, and undisturbed by its absurdities, but profiting by the lessons of daily experience, and asserting his manhood on all proper occasions.

* * * * *

Memorial Day! A day of hallowed memories, precious and tender in thousands of hearts. How much those poor fellows, whose graves will bloom so freshly to-day, suffered in the time of our great necessity! O, grateful country, scatter flowers and wreath garlands, and send forth deepest thanks, that such men were found to do the work of the fearful hour! And while remembering the dead, forget not the living, the needy families of the fallen, and the maimed heroes. How many strong men must forego the discharge of the active duties of life, because of the terrible fortunes of war. Be grateful to such, and provide for their great need, and do not subject them to the indignity of resorting to menial employments in the public streets.

ABOUT DOGS.



HAVERHILL, March 30, 1871.

If that tender-hearted man, Mr. Bergh, should visit Haverhill, he would be deeply moved in witnessing the special care everywhere shown toward that much abused class of animals—the dogs. These thrive wondrously. In variety, in number, and in the general excellencies of the dog character, the canine race of Haverhill can challenge the world. You look from your window in the early morning, and your eye is greeted with a merry troop of these useful animals galloping up the street, in graceful lines, now dodging around a block, and then suddenly curveting through an alley,

“Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree,”

presenting an illustration of animated nature, or "object teaching," worthy the attention of every lover of progress. If your front gate is open they come bouncing through your terraced yard, breaking down what few little things you may chance to have sprouting there, and if you drive them from this part of your domain, in they come with reinforcements through your *back* gate, fresher and merrier than ever. If, under the influence of a momentary impulse, you take up a stone to hurl at these reckless invaders upon home rights, they stop short, and look at you so knowingly in the face, and seem so innocent and confiding that your anger leaves you, your stone drops, and you say with calm philosophy, "Play on, dogs, and take your share of pleasure, for, as the world and dogs go, what's the use in fretting over these little things?" and, if, as some of our reformers say, "everything is *going* to the dogs," why not let them have a little foretaste to begin with? I understand that enemies of the dog have succeeded in causing heavy taxation upon all owners of the animals. If this is so, then the income to this city must be enormous, and I would respectfully suggest to the city government the importance of commencing some great public work at once, with the proceeds. A public library, or some other educational institution

would flourish under the heavy revenue from such a prolific source.

* * * * *

We wake up this morning, and look out upon a snow storm of no mean dimensions, and poor Mary Ann who has a few crocuses in bloom under the front windows, is in great trepidation for fear they will freeze, but I tell her I think they won't, which piece of philosophy she doesn't believe, but keeps peeping out at them to see if they are wholly covered up. But I comfort Mary Ann with the assurance that if her blue crocuses are covered with snow, they will be well protected from the dogs, and also from the busy claws of our neighbor's three little bantams. These pretty fowl are small, but it is marvellous how much they can scratch. So we think after all that happiness is pretty evenly distributed, particularly among the lower order of living things.

“So we take up the burden of life again,
Saying only it might have been”

much worse.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND.



HAVERHILL, April, 20, 1871.

At your request I have made a visit to the ancient cemetery, where lie the remains of many of your maternal ancestors. The authorities have forbidden any further burials here, and the place has the air of neglect and decay. Houses have sprung up all around the inclosure, and the surface is cut up by foot-paths worn by the busy feet of the laborer as he passes and repasses over the sacred mounds, on his way to and from his daily toil. But the place is full of interest, for here lie the early fathers of old Haverhill, whose descendants are scattered far and wide over the vast continent. The names of Brown, "Mash," Ayer, White, Walker and other early families that figured so largely in the settlement of the town, are plentifully scattered on the brown old stones. I read some dates as far back as 1680. A fine marble monument has been erected over the grave of Rev.

John Ward, the first Minister, and one of the original settlers of the town. The resting places of the other early ministers are marked by durable shafts and tablets, while the graves of Mr. Rolfe and others who fell with him in the bloody attack of the "savage foe" on that memorable morning of the "Lord's day," are honored by an imposing granite obelisk, with inscriptions in Latin and English. Among the curious epitaphs I found the following on an old stone, sunk into the ground, worthy of the chisel of "Old Mortality." For quaintness and novelty it is equal to any that find their way into the "Editor's Drawer" of Harper :

" Mr. John Suoddock
Died February ye 13, 1707
And in ye 76th year of his age.
He lived honestly
All his life
And died aged
And never had a wife. "

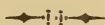
Adjoining this old sacred ground is Linwood Cemetery, a place of great rural beauty, tastefully laid out with walks and avenues. Many of the lots are fitted up with fine granite copings, and adorned with beautiful memorial tablets. I have been surprised in

visiting these grounds, not to see any superintendent or keeper. People are allowed to enter the enclosure on foot or in carriages at all hours, and some of the lots are desecrated by stragglers and loiterers, who make them the scenes of disgusting revelry, and gross obscenity. These abuses should be corrected and the proprieties of the place tenderly cared for by those in authority.

* * * * *

The fine weather of the early Spring has met with a sharp rebuke from the east wind that has blown fresh from the sea for the past week, obliging us to refill our coal bin, and hold on to winter garments. I don't know how we shall stand this climate. We all have coughs and colds, and the other night your namesake, Ben, startled us up with the cry of croup. This was a new enemy for us to attack, and I hurried for a doctor at once. While I was gone, Chloe summoned a good lady near by who is "excellent in sickness," and she kindly administered a little honey and goose oil, and Ipecac, and Hive Syrup internally with pepper and mustard and kerosene oil externally. These simple remedies did very well until the doctor came, who at once took hold of the case in a positive manner. I am happy to say that the poor boy is recovering from the effects of the — disease.

SHADE TREES.



“Open the windows and let in more light.”

HILLSIDE FARM, June 1871.

I do not propose to write a sentimental apostrophe to the beauty of shade trees. I shall not talk of the lights and shadows, of the dancing leaves with the “sunlight shimmering through them in a shower of diamonds.” This has been done by poets and school-girls, “time out of mind.” I shall yield to no one, however, in my love for trees, forming as they do one of the loveliest features in the landscape, adding beauty and grace to every scene of nature. But my purpose is to speak of shade trees in large towns and cities, in their relation to the health and comfort of the people. Some twenty years ago, we are told, a society was formed in Haverhill under the title of “The Fraternity of Shenstones,” named in honor of an English gentleman who had done much in beau-

tifying the streets of his own English home by planting shade trees. The work of the "Fraternity" was to raise funds for the purpose of adorning our streets with a variety of shade trees, and this work was done with such earnest enthusiasm that nearly all our highways, and some of our byways, soon bristled with maples, chestnuts, lindens and elms. Those saplings have now become great trees, forming a shade that is almost impenetrable to the rays of the sun, overshadowing homes that should stand out in the light and air of heaven, and generating dampness that penetrates through and through the rooms and closets of dwellings that should be dry and airy. Our streets are very narrow and the houses are unfortunately near the line of the sidewalks, so that trees planted along the margin soon obtrude their branches against the walls and windows. We live in a changeable climate, subject to sudden oscillations from hot to cold, from wet to dry. But we have but few really hot days, requiring the shelter of a dense shade. Most of our days require us to let the sunlight in, and not to shut it out. How has it been during the cool days of the past week? Every house surrounded by a thick growth of trees has been damp and dark, and chilly, and cheerless.

Enter one of the parlors, and you feel the chill damp,

and smell the earth mould, and you cannot disconnect the impression received, from the idea of a tomb. I venture to say that more ladies take cold by making and receiving fashionable calls during such days, than in any other way. If we lived in latitude twenty degrees from the equator, instead of forty-two degrees, we might be glad of all the shade we could find ; but in a climate where the cool, chilly days prevail, where the foliage is retained through the short autumn days, where the sun soon touches his northern solstice, (and even now is beginning to take his southern journey,) under such conditions, we insist that a dense shade in the narrow streets, in front of our dwellings, is in every way objectionable.

We take pride in the rural beauty of our city, but at what sacrifice to the health of the women and children who must spend most of the time in the dark, damp houses. The men are away at their business, and do not suffer, but the women are nearly all invalids, and still we wonder at the cause !

The "Shenstones" did a good natured and well meaning work when they planted the thick rows of trees along our highways, and they deserve all praise for their desire to beautify our lovely village. Now let them do a *better* work, and, axe and pruning knife in hand, go forth and cut down every other tree, and se-

verely prune all the rest. We make this plea in behalf of the health and vigor of our growing population.

We are glad to notice that some of the residents of Summer street are setting a good example in this direction, by cutting down the dark gloomy evergreens that have long encumbered their grounds. We wish our worthy Mayor would follow the example, and show us the beautiful proportions of his gem of a house, by thinning out his young forest. It is pleasant to note the fact, that gentlemen who have lately erected fine houses have not placed shade trees too near them. A fine lawn with a few trees is far more desirable, and even beautiful, than small grounds covered with trees, with damp sods and dead grass underneath.

If we ever have a public park, we hope it will not be conscientiously planned in the shape of a square or parallelogram, with a flat surface, and trees all in a row, like platoons of soldiers.

Let a place be selected, if possible, having a little diversity of surface, and containing a few native forest trees, which may be left to stand just as nature planted them. In a word, let it be made to conform somewhat to nature. The projectors of Central and Fairmount parks have had the good sense to preserve all the beautiful things of nature in those splendid grounds, and the rural retreats, and romantic haunts are sought

by all who love nature in her quiet moods, and her serener aspects. The beauty of our rural cemeteries is often marred by the unsightly grading of private lots. If a lot happens to be located on a gentle declivity, instead of conforming to the beautiful slope, the lower side is terraced so as to secure a level surface, and the natural, sunny slope is broken up by abrupt banks of earth, or an ugly stone wall. The consequence is that the *rural* element is destroyed, and the artificial and the pretentious intrude on every hand.

"Bury me in the sunlight upon a sloping bank," said a dying poet. And we have often felt like making the same exclamation, while visiting the dark, dank enclosures, made doubly gloomy by the impenetrable shade of superfluous trees in our cemeteries.

And so our plea is for light, and warmth, and air. As much as we love rural beauty, as much as we admire trees and plead for their growth in proper places, we love health, and cheerfulness, and youthful beauty far better. The great study window of Charles Dickens' Library opened to the south, and there, amid a flood of light that would have blinded most men, he wrote his immortal works. And may we not attribute the uniform good nature, the healthy nervous organization, the human sympathy of the great novelist, in some degree, to this habit? Let us learn a lesson from

this example, and receive all the happy genial influences that come from the beautiful forces of nature. Let the light stream into our darkened parlors and warm up the paintings upon the walls. Let it penetrate our dining rooms, our sleeping apartments and kitchens. Let the children play in it without fear of ruining their complexion, and let the pale women enjoy it, and dare to look healthy and robust. And above all let it enter our hearts, that we may carry cheerful faces on the street, in the cars, at our business, and in our homes.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.



It is a brown, old structure, standing upon a little ridge apart from the roadside in a quiet country-town. Its plain, honest front, unadorned by tower or steeple, has withstood the storms of more than a hundred winters, and the returning summer sun still lights up the little panes of glass in its many windows.

It is a bright, calm day in June, when we pass it for the first time, and we pause before the well-worn threshold to inquire into the history of this relic of by-gone generations.

It was built by the fathers in a former century for their simple and austere worship, and it stands to-day a type of the stern, honest and sincere character of the builders. Strong, plain and upright, it served its purpose well, and the rigid walls tell no tale but that of a steady, uniform purpose.

We enter by the weather-stained double doors. How deserted ! Ruthless hands have been at work ; the great, square pews, in which the honest yeomanry

sat or reverently stood through long hours of worship, have been swept away. But the lofty pulpit and overhanging sounding board still remain ; the rude bench upon which the sober deacons sat is unmolested, and the communion-table hangs its semi-circular leaf in front. From this dismantled pulpit the godly pastor proclaimed the strong doctrines of Calvin to a people who believed in law, and who abided by the ethics of a rigid, personal accountability. They exalted God, and they had respect unto His law, and they felt the weight of sin upon the human soul. And so were they swayed by these simple and sublime themes ; they were scored into their lives, they became a part of themselves.

We ascend the creaking gallery-stairs, and, seated by a narrow window beneath the rough oaken beams that support the ceiling, we listen to the story of the first pastor who ministered to the waiting congregations in this now deserted sanctuary.

He was a man of the pure New England type. Learned, pious, simple and revered ; the pastor and teacher of the flock, who went about doing good, and who, in the spirit of the Master, sacrificed his life in his lowly ministration.

A poor child of his flock was sick with an unknown malady, and the good pastor, in ministering to the wants

of the little sufferer, becomes a victim to the malignant disease, then so little understood. He dies in an obscure house, isolated from his family and his people, and in the darkness of the night he is carried to his lonely grave by a few daring and faithful members of his parish. From his study window, his afflicted wife watches the solitary procession by the fitful light of the lanterns, as it winds its way through the wooded path of Tuckertown.

Grand old man ! What a life, what a sacrifice, and what a name for the coming generations to cherish !

Through the glimmering light of the June sun, as it streams across the wooded slope, I can see the white marble slab that marks his grave, and I think of the power that such lives have wielded in the formation days of this nation. How strong, direct and convincing !

As we leave the deserted old sanctuary, we are grateful for this episode in our busy lives, and we rejoice and are thankful amid the generous hospitalities of a typical New England home.

We take a parting look at the long line of lofty hills that skirt the horizon north and west ; we breathe fresh draughts of air from the boundless fields and woods ; we sigh once more for the sweet simplicity of country life ; and on the morrow we take up the burden of life again in the busy city, with new strength and hope.

BOYS.



“How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green !”

In Memoriam.

Not the prodigy who can talk at six months, walk at ten months, repeat the “Busy Bee,” at two years, and recite the multiplication table at four years of age ! Neither do I speak of the proper, goodish boy, who never soils his pinafores, or frock, or trousers ; who prefers to stay in the house and sew patchwork, and crochet, rather than to tumble on the green, or climb a tree for fun or nuts ; who never laughs or makes a noise on Sunday, but “sits still” in his little chair, and looks at his colored pictures of the infant Samuel, or Daniel in the lion’s den, as any young saint should. No, I leave these anomalies for the writers of Sunday School library books to work up into heroes, while I

attempt to speak a word in behalf of the *representative boy* as you find him in the house, in the street, and in the field.

Every boy born into the world has certain inherent rights, which are as truly his, as are any of his prerogatives of the father.

He has a right to live, and move, and have a being. He has a right to his share in the comforts of home, in the products of his father's wealth, or industry, or prestige of inheritance. He has the rights belonging to a thinking, aspiring soul,—with aspirations and longings that reach far into the future. And yet how many treat boys as though they were merely dependencies, *suffered* to come to the table and share in the comforts of home, but made to feel as though this were only granted by special favor, for which they should feel constantly thankful. How many boys have felt mean, and ashamed when coming to the family board, because of the constant prating of father or mother of how much they do for them, and that by and by they must "shirk for themselves." How many boys leave home—actually "run away"—because of the bitter tauntings about laziness, and inefficiency, and how different it was "when *I* was a boy."

I know of men immersed in business, who keep their families out in a country residence which they

visit at night, just giving them time to scold at the boys, and find fault with the servants, and then off again in the morning, leaving all the care and responsibility to the poor, care-worn mother, who is early broken down by discharging duties which should be shared by the husband. And then the unreasonable man wonders why his boys do not take more interest in his business matters, and why they are so shy and distrustful of him.

What did you ever do to interest them? Did you ever confide in them? Did you ever talk to them about your business, explain some of its peculiar elements, and show them how certain things were done? Do they know how you make your money, or have you ever had a familiar talk with them as to what they must do if you should be suddenly stricken with apoplexy or death? No, they are kept in ignorance of all this—treated like helpless dependents, and then blamed for their weakness and inefficiency.

The father must early take his boys into his confidence, if he would have them feel an interest in the things which rightfully belong to them. Let them know and feel that they are interested in your prosperity, and sharers in your successes. Let them feel the honest pride that comes from conscious ability and self-reliance.

How often are boys, by mistaken and ruinous

kindness treated like helpless babies ! They are not allowed to go out of the range of the parental eye, and they grow up to manhood, unused to the world, timid and tame, because an anxious mother (or father) was fearful that some accident might befall them.

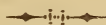
Encourage boys to indulge in all vigorous, dexterous, healthful sports and pastimes. Let them row, and swim, and ride horseback with ease and freedom, and do not oblige them to steal the opportunity to practice these recreations, and carry on a deception because of your unreasonable timidity. Boys cannot be taught too early the lesson of self-reliance and self-protection. The dexterity shown in the sports of youth manifests itself in various ways in after life. Who are the cunning artificers, the nice mechanics, the bold inventors, the skillful artisans but the dexterous and bold and ingenious boys whose parents indulged them in the reasonable use of all the appliances of youthful pastimes !

But we would not be understood as advising nothing *but* sports and amusements. These should have their proper place in boy life ; but every boy should also have something to do in the form of labor, no matter how wealthy his parents may be. He should be made to feel that life has stern duties, and that he must be a sharer in them. Therefore let every

boy have some specified work to do, aside from his regular studies, and hold him accountable for it, be it ever so simple. How many boys become indifferent men because they were never taught the importance of having a *purpose*, in all they attempt.

And O, anxious, careful, patient mothers, don't despair of a wayward son, whose course thus far has made you fear and tremble for the result ! That boy, so thoughtless, and apparently so ungrateful, does not *wholly* forget your kind and loving words of warning and admonition. Often when alone does he think of you, and feel ashamed of his erring ways. Often does he secretly pray for more of your heavenly spirit, and thank God for the hallowed influence that has thus far sustained him. O, happy parents who are blessed with noble, generous, though may be thoughtless, careless, wayward boys ; be faithful to your trust, and do not let the cares of business, the follies of fashion, the slavery of social life, cause you to forget your first great duty to them. Make them a study, that you may know how to meet their caprices, their peculiarities of temperament, their tastes and proclivities, their aspirations, and their great moral and spiritual wants. Happy are they who have the sweet consciousness of having done this ! With what a trust can they leave the result to Him, without whose help all our poor endeavors are vain and futile !

RESPONSE AT A DINNER
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY
IN BOSTON.



Dr. Crowell, orator of the day, responded to the following sentiment : “The debt of the medical profession to the scientific investigator and specialist.”

MR. CHAIRMAN,

An eccentric divine once said to his audience, “My hearers, there is a great deal of ordinary work to be done in this world, and I thank the Lord, there are a great many ordinary people to do it.”

As one of the ordinary workers, I wish to say a word in behalf of this great majority, and express thanks to these *extraordinary* workers who do so much for us in the way of patient research and investigation.

I suppose we are all of us investigators in a small way. Joe Gargery said he was “oncommon fond of reading.” Nothing pleased him more than to take a

book or a newspaper and sit down to a quiet reading. "Why, Pip," exclaimed Joe, "when you *do* come to a J, and an O, and say at last, 'here is a J O, Joe,' how interesting reading is." And still, Mr. Chairman, we should be thankful that we do not have to enter the list and fight the dreadful theories of germs and protoplasms, and spontaneous generations that claim the attention of the profound scientist. We make free use of the results of these investigations, and are rich in the possession of treasures that come to us without the tedious process of exploration.

I don't suppose there is much danger of our falling into the delusion of poor old Mr. Casaubon in "Middlemarch," who with his patient wife, was buried among the musty manuscripts of the Vatican Library, investigating his pet theories, where he was disturbed and awakened by his young nephew, fresh and bright from Germany. "What are you doing here, uncle?" "Hard at work investigating," was the reply. "Why, my dear old uncle," said the nephew, "dont you know that these mouldy old manuscripts have long ago been translated by German scholars and their treasures unfolded to the world?"

The scientists of to-day may be divided into two classes. First, those who teach that the most profound truth, both of biology and chemistry is, that life is

the result of the aggregation of matter, and second, those who hold that there is a principle called *vital*, which exists within the protoplasm and gives it life. Without this principle the protoplasm is dead, and with it the protoplasm is alive. These two phases of evolution occupy the thought, and contribute to the discussions of learned bodies at home and abroad.

I don't suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we shall all live to see these profound questions absolutely settled to universal satisfaction, but we can admire the scholarship that furnished us with so much suggestion and so much interesting speculation.

The brilliant experiments of Lister and the introduction of the antiseptic method is a great contribution to surgery, but this method has been sharply questioned, and recent experiments have shown that the Listerium precautions do not always suffice to keep out or to destroy the bacteria from surgical wounds.

How long and sharp and brilliant was the discussion between the German Liebig and the French Pasteur concerning acetic fermentation, and how vigorously did Pasteur measure lances with Pouchette on the great subject of spontaneous generation; and how persistent were the experiments of Pasteur to show admiring students the fallacy of his great competitor. We must pay our respects to the specialist who deals

with the more subtle forms of disease, and is able to treat obscure symptoms with intelligent and skillful results: this special practice forms an epoch in the history of medicine, and a noble army of enthusiastic young workers is found in all our large cities whose services are often of great value to us whose attention is given to the more general forms of disease. In this respect our profession has made effective advance in the study of pathological science, and the diagnosis of obscure diseases is one of the triumphs of the healing art. We also owe a debt of gratitude to the specialist for curing us of a certain kind of false modesty in charging professional fees. We country doctors were plodding along in the old-fashioned way of small charges and long credits, after the fashion of this old bill which I show you, yellow with age, which belonged to one of my professional ancestors. On this bill we find a charge for a visit and medicine to Betsey, 25 cents, and visit, call and medicine to baby, 40 cents. Now these charges became a sort of standard for those who came after this worthy old doctor, until our metropolitan brethren came to the rescue, who received the fee of fifty or a hundred dollars for a consultation with such a graceful non-chalance as to inspire us with great moral courage, so that now we venture to charge two dollars for a visit,

and from three dollars to five dollars for a consultation.

While maintaining the great prerogative of individual thought and opinion, let us be grateful to these hard workers, remembering the apothegm of the English Laureate, that

“Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,”

and that broader sentiment

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music.”

*RESPONSE AT THE
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER
AT ATKINSON ACADEMY.*



Benjamin Greenleaf was emphatically a product of Atkinson Academy. A farmer's boy, with scanty resources for study, but in whose soul glowed the desire for a higher education, comes over from his home in West Haverhill in 1805, and seeks the fostering care of Hon. John Vose in this time-honored school.

Happy for him and others like him that such schools were founded by pious men, where for a small compensation, the ambitious youth could in some degree realize the dreams of his boyhood. Here young Greenleaf remained two years, when by hard study and by eking out his limited means by teaching school, he was able to enter the sophomore class in Dartmouth College. He always cherished a deep affection for this Academy, and to the last of his long and eventful life he delighted to honor his preceptor by at-

tributing to him whatever of success he had attained.

In 1814, a year after his graduation, Mr. Greenleaf became preceptor of Bradford Academy, and it was here that he began to develop those marked characteristics that gave prominence to his future career. His intense earnestness and his sharply defined individuality gave to his teaching an impulse that could not fail to impress any thoughtful student, while to the lazy and shirking he was a terror indeed. He had no particular methods in his teaching, but adapted himself to the conditions of the hour, and the swift changes and surprises in his mental and physical discipline were as unique as they were novel and ludicrous. No boy could long remain under his care without being effectually stirred up in his methods of thinking and acting, and if he had an empty head, it did not take him long to become conscious of it.

He was quick to detect ability in a timid shrinking boy, and ready to help and encourage every honest endeavor to obtain an education. We are apt to judge men by their eccentricities, and certainly Mr. Greenleaf possessed many striking peculiarities of character. But there was a richer and a deeper side to his nature which those who knew him best understood and loved. His kindness and gentleness were manifest in many delicate ways, and his generous nature

found expression in timely and substantial assistance to poor students struggling to obtain an education.

His scholarship was much more varied than was generally supposed, for, although a great mathematician, he was no mean classical scholar, while his knowledge of standard literature was extensive and discriminating. As author of a popular series of mathematical works, he stands preeminent as a pioneer in the important work of making text-books for the common schools. The introduction of Greenleaf's Arithmetic into the schools formed a new era in teaching, and, whatever may have been the faults of this bold venture, it is certain that the hard, knotty sums it contained gave an impulse to many a boy and girl, and stirred up many a teacher to quickness of thought and newness of life.

Mr. Greenleaf stood upon the border-land that divided the old from the new in matters of education. He was one of the first to lecture on popular science, in Essex county, and his illustrations of astronomy, chemistry, and mineralogy, although crude and simple, were based upon the fundamental principles of scientific investigation. He was in no small sense an investigator, and his ingenuity in improvising apparatus for his humble laboratory was worthy of all praise. In estimating such a man, no one can fail to discern the

rich and varied elements that made the sum total of his character. Terse, simple, transparent, rare in humor, sharp in repartee, constant and true in his friendships, childlike and trusting in his piety, "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

ABOUT SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.



HILLSIDE FARM, June 1871.

The season is upon us when, from time immemorial, colleges, academies and "seminaries of learning" hold their annual commencements and exhibitions. We never could quite understand why the hottest time of the year should have been selected for these great literary feasts, but so it is, and we must each go up to our dear old *alma mater*, while the thermometer is among the eighties, and pay our vows with becoming reverence and respect. There is something very imposing, and mysteriously impressive in a college commencement. The meetings of the alumni, the arrival of anxious parents from the country, to witness a momentous event in the history of a darling son, the gathering of young ladies in all the glories of floating lawns, charming bonnets, and fluttering fans; ushers with rosettes, and white gloves, and batons; the seniors full of dignity, and inspired with the mysterious

influence of the hour ; the Faculty and the Corporation, and the Trustees, and the distinguished guests in glorious array upon the platform—so far removed from ordinary mortals, as to seem to breathe in another atmosphere, and to feed on the food of the gods ! No, we can't give up all this. With all its show and sham, it has too much of the real and the poetic about it to let it pass by as old and conventional. But of late years, our common schools, and especially our High schools, have adopted the college custom, and we have, every year, cheap representations of college commencements in the form of what are termed exhibitions.

We have great gatherings of anxious and delighted mothers, and former graduates, and "friends of education," and leading citizens, with white waistcoats and shiny heads, seated in imposing array upon the rostrum. We have the teachers with care-worn, tired faces, we have the scholars in nervous disorder, and above all, we have the school committee themselves—that epitome of learning—looking so wise, especially during the Latin salutatory and the Greek dialogues. Now it would be a good deal to give up all this pomp and circumstance, but, in the language of the senior Weller, "whether it is best to go through so much to get so little," is a question of some importance.

We are speaking in general terms, and do not specify any particular school. And the question comes up, do these annual parades do justice to the schools, or to the public? Do they give correct information in regard to the literary merits of the children, or do they not rather increase the vanity, and deceive the public by the specious glitter and parade of superficiality? Here are boys and girls who have just finished four years of hard study in a classical school. They have gone through the curriculum of study, and have the sanction of authority in their graduation. But what is *exhibited* in the exercises of the day? Is it the result of study? Do we observe any of the literary culture, or the scientific training, or the classical drill of the course gleaming through every exercise, and giving character and thought and substance to the dissertations and themes?

One would suppose to listen to most of the themes of the boys, that the object of the schools was to instruct in political economy, for we have such subjects as "The duties of the American citizen," "The lessons of the hour," "Our political dangers," etc., discussed with all the assurance, and in the cheap style, of the veteran politician. And then the girls choose such suggestive themes as, "What the stars are saying," "Golden dew on life's fair morning," "Beauty

of the soul," and we feel after hearing it all through year after year, that we are really not getting ahead much, with all our modern helps and expensive appointments.

Why can we not have subjects discussed, suggested and elaborated by the course of study? Take history for instance. What splendid themes in the historical characters of Elizabeth's reign, or the later epochs of French history; of Marie Antoinette; of Princess Lamballe; of Madame de Stael. Or take the brilliant history of English literature; what wealth of thought in the great writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Or take the sciences, which form such an important part of the course of study. How fascinating the researches of the men of science in all ages, and how much have they done to further the application of the physical forces in the various departments of mechanical skill! How busy is thought to-day in all that relates to law, and force, and vital action! Why not take hold of some of these topics, instead of bringing forward the vapid and worn out rhetoric of political caucuses, and cheap periodicals?

We have no right to expect a rigid *examination* at these public exercises, but we have a right to require that all the original papers be based upon the results of the four years' study, and that the excellence of the instruc-

tion shall be apparent in everything brought before the public. The style of language—the purity, the ease, the elegance, the pronunciation, the enunciation, the elocution, the general bearing in manner—these all bespeak the character of the school, and reflect the methods and the style of the teachers. Ask any thoughtful young man who has been through this show, and he will tell you that, as far as he was concerned, it was a piece of superficial absurdity, which he could have “got up” in six weeks, independent of the course of study. We are not so absurd as to require that *all* the learning of the course should be condensed in one exercise, but we do contend that whatever is done should show that time and money have not been wasted in the attempts to educate our children. Let us look at this matter good-naturedly, and see if we cannot have a beautiful and simple, (because natural) exposition of the literary and classical studies of our High Schools, rather than the dignified, and solemn, and deceptive, (because unnatural) displays, now so fashionable and popular.

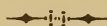
With all the splendid appliances for the education of youth, with all the vast expenditure, the increased demand for teachers of sound learning and elegant accomplishments, and with the ready co-operative spirit of the public, we insist that our schools should

not be superficial, nor in any way encourage vanity, or sham, or self-conceit.

And we would kindly advise the "Rural Teacher" who published the feeble words of her infant scholars in the last Gazette, not to hold up such a false incentive to her scholars again ; for nothing could be more unwise than to teach children, however young, to place a false estimate upon their abilities. We hope, in all charity, that other suburban teachers will not be ambitious for such notoriety.

The lesson cannot be learned too young, that the object of study is not to make a display and carry on a show of deceit through life, but to help us to discriminate between the true and the false, to make us stronger and wiser in all that pertains to the activities of life ; to make life a consistent experience, where the forces of our being shall combine to lift us up higher in all that is desirable to know and to do.

CHURCH MUSIC—A FRAGMENT.

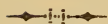


The noblest gifts of art should be consecrated to the worship of God as the offering of gratitude and love. And this rule will apply with special force to the divine art of music. Why not offer to the praise of God the noble conceptions of genius in the department of sacred song? Why should we wait for special occasions in which to hear the sublime strains of the great composers, and be content to listen to the crudest and dullest music in the services of the sanctuary? We speak the truth when we say, that the service of song in the House of God is in many instances an *unmeaning* service, without tenderness, or feeling, or aspiration. But the advocates of congregational singing will persist in their war upon well trained choirs. They had rather join in the unmeaning drawling of random voices through the shaky chorus of some "good old tune," than listen to the tender expressions of pious sentiment, by voices trained and cultivated in the perfection of art. Now we have no objection to congregational singing if the

congregation only know *how* to sing. But it is a lamentable fact that congregations do *not* know how to sing ; and still we find many who stoutly advocate this cheap service and dare to call it praise. I have no doubt that many good souls feel well, while quavering through “ Dundee ” or “ Ward.” There is dear Mrs. Jones for example,—one of the best of women, who has been under the delusion for fifty years or more, that, with all her other virtues, she can sing. And so she lifts up her shrill, piping voice, and shakes her little head, and beats time with her book, and, I have no doubt really enjoys it very much. I greatly respect the feeling, but I can’t say that I am edified by it. And then too, there is Major Sharp, on the other side of the house ; he is a pleasant fellow to meet almost anywhere, and I like him ; but by some curious device he manages to produce a reedy sound in his vocal utterances of praise, and I must say, in all charity, that I don’t like it. And my good deacon also, whom I greatly love and revere, he also is in favor of having *everybody* sing, and so *he* sings with great fervor, but in his anxiety to see that all goes well, he looks around over his spectacles, upon the congregation, and thereby loses a line, and so sings in his own time, and to his own edification. The deacon has a good time, but at what expense to the feelings of the sensitive, he

never can know. I greatly fear that he has not fully appreciated the application of the essentially Christian axiom—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." We can imagine the effect of one of Luther's grand chorals under the sublime influence of a thousand voices, well trained, and attuned to the noble conception of the great reformer. Such results are not produced without study and much hard, patient practice. When our congregations are ready for *such* preparation for the service of song, then we shall be ready to accept congregational singing as the fitting expression of thanksgiving and praise.

OVER.



The Summer. Yes, over ! The lengthened days, the early sunrise, the golden pomp, and the mystic beauty of cloud, and sky ; the light and shade of lake and wood, and mountain top, have passed over to sober Autumn. And the chill of early evening, and the gray mists of morning, foretell the coming on of frost and snow. To the meditative mind these days come not without the pensive lesson of change and decay.

But it is not the object of this paper to indulge in the luxury of sentimental repining, nor to cherish the vain regret over wasted energies, or the departing charms of nature. It is with feelings of infinite *relief* that I record the fact that the flood of letters from vagrant tourists has also been arrested by the departure of the sun toward his southern solstice. Thanks to nature that there is a limit to her seasons, so that we can find rest from the weary words of men and

women, who cannot travel ten miles from home without telling it to the world through the newspapers.

Who cares to know that Peter Stone left home on a certain day in a rail-car or in his own private conveyance, and stopped at Bite Tavern, where he slept on a hard bed, and had hash for breakfast? And why need Miss Elmina inform us that all the ladies of her party wore cape bonnets, and linen suits, and that the gentlemen consisted of a member of Congress, two college students, a lawyer, and a "divine" young clergyman? Why should we be regaled with all the small jokes that passed between the members of the party, and be refreshed with the number of sandwiches that Sam Stay ate on a pic-nic climb among the hills!

O, men and women who will write about yourselves, remember that other people are not quite as much interested in the details of your Summer trips as your own party was, and cease, I pray you, in your endless prattle about little nothings which should die with their birth. Do you suppose there is anybody this side of Alaska who doesn't know every nook and corner of the White Mountains? Why will you keep writing about the Notch, and the Profile and the Tip-top house, and the railroad up Mt. Washington? And yet, year after year the stream of travel flows, and the

stream of ink follows, and we hear the oft repeated tale in every form and style known to literature. If somebody would strike out a new route, and tell us about that ; if we could learn where to get better views, or where to find more attractive inducements to travel, we should be very thankful.

If a party of amateur sailors take a maiden cruise along the coast, forthwith comes forth a conscientious copy of the log-book, filling a page of our meagre country paper, in which all the delicate refinements incident to sea-sickness are chronicled *ad nauseam*. We are gravely told that on such a night, to the infinite merriment of the party, Joe Bangs sang a song, and forthwith turned deadly pale, and could sing no more ; that Tom Long couldn't relish his chowder, and that Bill Jones did not, and could not, stay in his berth, owing to the ground swell.

Now these facts are doubtless of much interest to the parties concerned, but I don't want to be plagued with them in my weekly paper.

And the distressing records of Jenkins at the fashionable hotels ! Of the distinguished arrivals of snobby parties with big trunks and fine equipages ! Of the hops in the Grand Parlor, and the lovely Miss B. in the blue tarletan, and trimmings to match, and the dashing Miss D. in floating muslin, with pearl or-

naments, or the wealthy heiress, straight from New York, with point lace and diamonds enough to buy out the whole town. Who is not sick to death of such flippant twaddle, and who is not tempted to stop his paper where such correspondence prevails?

How the great West has been riddled with tourists, and how they have sent home their dreary accounts of the rail-roads, present and prospective, and given a mass of dry detail sufficient to fill a book as large as the "Unabridged ;" and these, I am sorry to say, are not confined to the Summer, but spin out through the lengthened year.

What care we to know what civilized people eat, or drink, or wear, while on a summer tour? If they will tell us what they learned, and what *new* things they saw and enjoyed, we will be thankful for the addition to our stock of this department of knowledge. Why, I have read a tourist-letter, where the writer told what newspapers were read on a certain day, gave a minute list of the articles eaten at lunch, and took occasion to make personal allusions that must have disgusted the subjects of them, unless they were as stupid and silly as the writer. The trouble with these scribbling tourists is, they don't forget *themselves*, and so they carry self into all their descriptions of nature. They mix themselves with mountain, lake, river and sky, and a sorry work they make of it.

And so I can but rejoice that summer with all her glories is fairly over, so that we may have rest from these self-complacent lovers of nature as seen by their own reflection.

Do you tell me that these letters will all be gathered up, and placed before the world in the shape of books for next summer's reading? Very likely, but then I am not obliged to read them or even see them ; but in my daily and weekly papers they are constantly obtruding upon my sight, and mockingly challenging me to read them, and in my weakness I confess that I too often yield, as under the power of a Haschish charm, lulling and stupefying.

Next summer, if these people *must* write or die, let them strike out into a new field ; let them go to British America, and describe Lake Winnipeg, or give us some graphic account of Mt. St. Elias. But don't, I most earnestly entreat of you, give us a re-hash of the "old, old story" about places as familiar to us all as Plain Point or Powder-house hill, and keep I pray of you, your little personal details to yourself, and don't tell all your secrets to the world, that knows not and cares not a straw about you, nor any of your "relations."

Poetry.

*POEM READ AT THE
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
MONDAY EVENING CLUB.*



ON the dull tympanum of my sluggish ears,
Comes the dread mandate of my worthy peers :
“ Give us a poem, something rare and good,
Salted and peppered, fit for giant’s food.

We’re old and strong, so now the story tell,
Tersely and briefly, wittily and well.”
Like the poor wretch who pulls the galley oar,
In vain I strive on Fancy’s wing to soar ;
I lift my eyes up to the mount divine,
And plead for rapture from the sacred nine ;
I ask Apollo for a single strain,
And seek the Delphic oracle in vain.

But while I linger, doubt and fear between,
I hear a whisper, "Try the old machine ;
Oil well the axle, limber up the crank,
Brace up the muscle of elbow and of shank,
Leave the Greek gods upon Parnassus' height,
And grind out something English here to-night."
So here I am, obedient to your call,
And bring the best I have, machine and all.

Once on a time, so all the stories run, —
"Oh, don't say that ! 'tis time you had begun," —
When chill November's surly blast — "No, no !
That's Robbie Burns ; you must not twist him so" —
Auspicious was that bright November day, —
"That's better, all is right, now turn away," —
Those wise men thought, as only wise men can,
And from the germ evolved the mighty plan,
The Monday Evening Club, propitious name,
With gracious promise, into being came.

Like that rare beverage mixed with cunning art,
Enough of sugar, and enough of tart,
A little stick to stir, and make it keep,
Not too much water, lest you thin it cheap,
So here we mix ingredients good and strong, —
The lawyer, pleading for the right — and wrong ;

The parson, preaching, ere he is aware,
A sermon made for sinners in his care ;
The man of science, with his law and gas ;
The funny fellow, with his wit and " sass ;"
The learned pedagogue, who, if he please,
Can teach us, every dunce, his A B C's ;
Merchant and banker, with their bonds and stocks
As mystic as their combination locks ;
And Æsculapius, giving us his best,
When soothing anæsthetics lull to rest.

What realm of nature remains unexplored ?
What depth of science that has not been bored ?
How swift the tongue and brain to speak and think !
Here has *our* Darwin found the missing link !
Through subtle forces of the earth and air,
How surely have we seen the " Whence, and What,
and Where ! "

What pity that our charter ne'er permits
Discussion over party politics !
Oh, grave mistake, that we can never try
To cure the sickness of theology !

Oh, could we make the " civil service," rules,
And mildly call the other party fools !

Oh, could we ask what Grover is about,
And tell him how to turn the rascals out !
Could we but settle Calvin with a blow,
Or send Arminian sinners down below,
We'd end the *Æschatology* and stuff,
And cut the *first* probation short enough !
What joy, what peace, what harmony divine,
Could we all winter fight it on *this* line !
Rejoice, O mortal ! of these themes bereft,
A few short terms fair Science still has left ;
Smoother than rhythm ever said or sung,
These limber words come tripping from the tongue :

“Paleontology, Archæology,
Ozone, and Bacteria ;
Anthropology, Erpetology,
Equinia, and Zoolglæa.

Astroscopic, Atmologic,
Bacillus, and Mychography ;
Micrococci, Diplococci,
Anthisis, and Cosmography.

Neoplastic, Bioplastic,
Microbes, Erpetology ;
Atomatic, Psychomatic,
Lacunæ, Electrology.

Amphibiological, Anthropological"—

"Stop, stop! the old machine is out of gear!

'English, you know,' is what we want to hear!"

Behold our scribe! a marvel sure is he,

Adept in science, art, philosophy!

What things profound his records make us say!

His facile pen our blunders sweeps away,

His flowing rhythm makes us eloquent,

His English grammar tells us what we *meant*;

And when we listen to his record fair,

We smile to find what learned men we are.

But then, his *figures* are a *terror* too,

He'll add, subtract, divide, and table you;

Search errors out like microscopic germs,

And scatter fractions to their lowest terms.

As on that scroll some gray palimpsest wrought

In lines of light a new and living thought,

So from the rude alembic of the sage,

Retort and crucible transform the age.

With such rare alchemy does *our* chemist hold

The mystic rod, transmuting all to gold.

Teach us the *sesame*, open wide the door,

Let us the temple's inner court explore

That we, dull mortals, may the story learn,

How salts and acids into shekels turn.

We mix the crude ingredients with *our* hand ;—

Re-action vain !—residuum of sand !

While rising thin from our divining-glass,

The illusion vanishes in form of gas.

Him, him, we hail, whose honors lightly rest,

Our mentor, eldest, youngest, and the best ;

Whose code of ethics rests on sacrifice,

Like Epictetus, rigid, just, and wise !

Spare him, O Time ! in thy relentless swing,

The crowning glory of perennial spring !

Within our mystic, protoplasmic cells,

The fertile force of evolution dwells.

Adown the placid Merrimack it glides,

To that fair city washed by ocean-tides,

Enfolds its genius in its strong embrace,

And buds and blossoms with an airy grace.

The inner sanctum *Heralds* forth its power,

Its editorials cheer the morning hour

In ringing Saxon words, that kill with fright

The other fellow in his pygmy might.

Scholar and author, student and divine,

Statesman, and devotee at Mammon's shrine,

Yield to the spell in that old, dreamy town,

And help to "rub each other's angles down."

“Westward the course of empire takes its way” —

“That’s old !” — But Lawrence is not old, we say.

She feels the plastic force in all her cells ;

How quick her budding into promise swells !

What power and wealth her pent-up waters hold !

The million spindles weave the cloth of gold,

The meanest rags to creamy parchment turn,

The ceaseless fires in blasting furnace burn,

The vital force the throbbing engine feels,

And sends it whirling through a thousand wheels.

O busy city ! where the brain and hand

Send fruits of labor over sea and land.

Thrice happy they, by rare selection blest,

Who with the charmed number find a rest

Amid delights of the idyllic ease,

Vouchsafed to mortals in such hours as these ;

When we cast off the badge of daily strife,

And feel the pulses of a higher life, —

To sit with Plato at the Athenian shrine,

And talk with Shakspeare in a strain divine ;

Or on the expansive wings of Science soar, —

With Young and Langley tread the starry floor, —

Or sit at learned Hoadley’s feet a while,

Whose wit and wisdom, heart and brain beguile.

O happy club ! exalted in degree, —

The M.D., D.D., C.E., and M.C. !

Whose upright judge releases without bail,
Nor lets the sheriff put us into jail.

In that fair city bordering on the "Hub,"
With youth and freshness dwells the model club,
So near the centre of that magic rim
Whose broad circumference takes the whole world in.

O club of merchants and of millionaires !
Calm and serene 'mid fights with bulls and bears,
While we despair to match or sample you,
The philanthropic Howard comes to view,
And gives the secret of your glad success.
So you, as we, are ready to confess,
"Variety's the spice of life." That's true,
('Twas William Cowper said it.) So have you
Thrown in for pepper and for savory spice,
The same old handy fellows in a trice.
For what, I pray, is this same trio good,
But just to season other people's food !
Then grind down Blackstone to a powder fine,
And swallow old Hippocrates like wine ;
Sprinkle the homilist like ginger in,
An antiseptic for besetting sin.

Oh ! let my pipes awake a nimbler strain,
And the full bellows swell the loud refrain ;

Join all the forces in the tuneful noise,
While we resound the wisdom of the boys.

SONG.

The boys are wiser than their sires,
Before they're half done growing ;
Their passions, purposes, desires,
Are surely well worth knowing.

“Where do our fathers go o' nights?”
(They say to one another,)
“We only want to have our rights” —
“Suppose you ask your mother?”

The mother mildly shakes her head,
And says, in sweet submission,
“Your pa works hard to earn us bread ;
He goes (with my permission,)

“To rest his brain (ay, there's the rub,) —
On Monday night he goes to't :
It is a very harmless club,
The minister belongs to't.”

“A club ! O mammy, how you stun,
Astonish, and amaze me !
He said if ever I joined one
At Harvard, he would haze me.

“ And has he gone and done the thing
He'd never let this kid do?
Suppose I boldly do the thing
My father slyly did do?

“ Pray, mother, tell us what they do
When they all club together?
How can they kill the winter through,
In spite of zero weather? ”

“ Do, silly boy : they talk, I s'pose,
And ventilate their notions ;
The things your dear old father knows
Would surely fill both oceans.”

“ Of course they never eat nor drink?
(Dyspepsia, you know, ma.)—
“ You saucy fellow, don't you wink :
Late eating hurts your poor pa.

“ And so they have a simple spread—
Some charlotte-russe and ices,
Some fancy cakes and rolls of bread,
And oysters baked with spices ;

“ A little chicken-salad too,
And frozen pudding—flavored ;
Of sherbets, jellies, fruits, a few,
And croquettes nicely savored.

“ And as for drinks, well, let me see ;

Some chocolate and cocoa,
And Java, Mocha, Oolong tea—
(No water, 'cause it hurts so.”)

A concert brief among his men,
(The boys are highly mettled,)
Some words of wisdom spoke, and then,
Behold, the thing is settled.

O brave young club ! we give you cheer,
You understand the game now ;
Without your cheery presence here,
The evening would be tame now.

The problems that we dare not solve,
You settle quick and nicely ;
The doubts that in our minds revolve,
You analyze precisely.

Each young divine that comes to town,
You gobble in a minute ;
You finish things, and get renown
Before we scarce begin it.

Oh ! quick to act, and clear to think
On every abstruse question,
Do learn, *if* e'er you eat or drink,
To keep a good digestion.

O brave young club ! live well and long,
And emulate *the* sages.
May quarter-centuries send in song
Your fame adown the ages.

Another whisper " Isn't he most done ?
How long, I pray, has this machine to run ? "
Be patient, friend, the grinding soundeth low ;
Upon our heads the almond-blossoms blow,
But in our hearts the old-time passion burns ;
We love the sober and the gay by turns.
How quick the golden years have taken flight !
What thrilling memories crowd the soul to-night !
We reach our hands, our earnest words implore,
Sweet voices answer from the other shore.
It matters not if life be here or there,
Since love, and force and truth are everywhere.
Grand symphony ! the harmonies all blend,
Andante's opening, and the scherzo's end !
The allegro thrills us, while the largo slow
Chastens and softens, as the numbers flow.
What matters if we're told to blow or strike ?
In the *finale* all are great alike ;
As worthy he who strikes the drum a blow,
As Paganini with his magic bow ;
For in the sweep of God's stupendous plan,
The great are they *who do the best they can*.

THE MAY STORM ON THE MERRIMACK,

1808.



Long years ago, in blooming May,
A vessel launched from her sloping way,
With a lowly dip, and a graceful slide,
Into the Merrimack's flooding tide.
A noble brig, she rides the stream,
Now bright with the early morning's beam,
While her brilliant sides, with rainbow glow,
Are painted afresh in the wave below.

“Now man your oars, my men, and row,
And take the ship in stately tow,
Adown the tide to meet the sea ;
And as ye pull, so strong and free,
Let hill and wood and wave reply,
To the wild music of your cry !”
So spake the master ; and every oar
Was quickly seized, and all the shore
Re-echoed with the wild adieu
That cheerily rang from the stalwart crew.

O, freshly green the island lay,
As round the "Point" they curved their way,
And floated past the lofty height
Of wooded hill, that met the sight
At every sudden curve and bend.
The "Port" is near, the journey's end
Is reached. Now leave your noble ship,
For other hands shall soon equip,
With mast and spar and snowy sail,
Her stately form, to breast the gale.

Homeward, against the ebbing tide,
Our dozen men save one, now ride,
Hoisting aloft the great, square sail,
To catch the rising northeast gale.
Past Salisbury Point they scarce had sped,
When, rounding the fearful "Lion's Head,"
The wind and rain upon them dashed,
And rent and shivered the sail and mast,
While wave, and sky, and earth, and air
Spoke the dread language of despair.
"Quick, seize your oars," brave Colby* cries,
"See how these waves like ocean rise !
Work for your lives, or we cannot float,
In such a gale, in a shallow boat !
I'll hold the helm, so do not fear

*Nicholas Colby.

While past the Rocks I safely steer ;
For I have sailed Pacific seas,
And know the currents, and know the breeze
All over the world, so hold not back
While breasting a storm on the Merrimack !”

He scarce had spoke, when an awful blast,
Like a thundering torrent swept them past ;
The sea-like waves in surges rise,
And the trembling bark now helpless flies,
Plunging and tossing in fearful shocks,
As she rushes wild to the fatal Rocks.
A crash, and a shriek, and a fearful moan !
The shattered wreck on the wave is strown,
And the struggling men now strive in vain,
With oar and spar the shore to gain.
They falter and sink before the storm,
When Colby, lifting his sinewy form,
Above a fragment of floating plank,
Called aloud to his men 'ere twice they sank,
“Cling to *me*, my arm is strong to save !
By the help of God we will breast this wave.”
With a strong death-beat he strikes for land,
When Ingersoll, lending a friendly hand,
(By chance on the shore in the morning dim,)
With a sailor's grasp drew the wretched in.

Then Colby in tears, his strong arms crossed,
"We *five* are *saved*, but the *six* are *lost*!
O, wretched tidings to carry back
To the peaceful homes on the Merrimack!"

* * * * *

The sweet May air is calm and still
On Sabbath morn in Haverhill.
The apple blossoms drifting down
The narrow lanes of the little town,
Lie softly on the fragrant grass
In snowy borders as you pass.
Lo, down the street in solemn tread
Strong arms are bearing on the dead, —
Six manly forms, with bier and pall, —
And a tender silence over all.
And when the parson bowed his head,
And, "dust to dust," had meekly said,
His lifted hands he reverent spread,
"Give God the praise, *these* live," he said.
"To Colby's arm the power he gave,
These four to rescue and to save."

And so this deed, forgotten long,
I weave to-day in rhyme and song,
And give the honor, and give the due,
To courage strong, and to courage true.

HAVERHILL, June, 1873.

AN OCTOBER IDYL.



O, perfect day, so restful, calm,
That lures me from my dull retreat, —
The distant woods look soft and warm,
And kindly tempt my willing feet.

The maple lifts her ruby spire,
The amber birch illumines my way,
The ferny sumacs, touched with fire,
And tints of morn, my steps delay.

For loving hands are waiting by,
These gems to hold with tender care,
With ferns that 'neath the mosses shy,
Hide from the frost their silken hair.

Tread softly as we enter here,
By this old path so dim and sweet,
Lest rustling of the dead leaves sere,
Scare the brown partridge at our feet.

The nimble chipmunk hears our tread,
The blue-jay screams in vale below,
While from the pine tree overhead,
With noisy clamor calls the crow.

At every pause we hear the fall,
Of brown nuts loosened from the shell,
Or, listening, catch the distant call
Of waters from their rocky dell.

From sombre hemlocks far away,
That clothe the hill-side at our back
Comes, faintly clear, the hound's low bay,
Or echoing peal of rifle-crack.

We listless, wander,—when, behold,
In radiant beauty, richly fair,
Kenoza shows her face of gold
Resplendent in the dreamy air !

Enfolded in a veil of mist
That floats around with airy grace,
Like dream of the Evangelist—
I see a glory in her face.

Fairer than Ethiop's jewels show
The radiant gems upon her breast,
The ruby and the amber glow,
And violet-tinted amethyst.

Beyond the far outreaching cliff,
That gaily shows in wave below,
The rippling wake of tiny skiff
In glory breaks the sunset-glow.

O, mingling charm of lake and sky !
In dreamy rapture as we gaze,
The changing colors fade and die
Or float away in filmy haze.

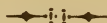
O, dear ones, come and reverent stand,
Ere fades this pageant like a spell !
Kind Nature lifts her beckoning hand,—
She knows her loving children well.

Alas, what blessings round us fall,
Which, stubborn blind, we will not see ;
Dear Father, rend the mystic pall,
We cast between ourselves and thee.

Oct. 1872.

A MEMORY.

REV. B. F. H.



An ear attuned to all glad sounds !
 The chorus of the morn,
 The music newly born
With each glad day's exulting swell !
 The heavenly harmonies,
 The glorious symphonies,
That wake the soul to blissful life,
And calm the passions, quell the strife
That in our grosser natures dwell.

An eye that swept the firmament ;
 Gazing intent by night,
 Beyond our narrow sight,
Among the suns of viewless spheres ;
 Or with a keener gaze
 Among the common ways,
Revealed the beauty of ethereal hue,
That to our blunted, dimmer view
But simple tint or ray appears.

A silvery cadence to the ear !
 In loving tones now falling,
 In earnest words now calling,
Or raised in stern rebuke of sin.
 O, voice of saintly sweetness,
 Our joy in strength or weakness,
Let us again thy music hear
In words that spake nor doubt nor fear,
Lifted to call the wanderers in !

O, subtle power of heart and brain !
 O wit so rare
 Beyond compare
With words that fill with noise the times.
 The dull and mean
 With satire keen
Were tossed aside in playful scorn ;
While words for truth, divinely born,
Fell clear and sweet as Sabbath chimes.

Return, O noble soul again,
 Light these dull ways,
 And fill the days
With the large influence seen in thee.
 With earth content,
 On passion bent,
How can we reach thy lofty height,

That shone in heaven's effulgent light,
Like Alpine summit, grand and free?
August 10, 1875.

IN MEMORIAM.

M. W. W.



O, dear ones, burdened with long hours of sadness,
With anxious waiting in the night-watch lone,
List, through the stillness comes a voice of gladness—
“Servant of God, well done.”

“Well done, beloved, now so sweetly sleeping,
After the day’s eventful toil and care,
Take now thy rest, for never pain nor weeping
Disturbs my loved ones there.”

Once, when my home was darkened with a sorrow
Too deep for language in its bitter woe,
No gleaming ray gave promise of the morrow—
Our dear, first born lay low.

She entered then, and, like a benediction,
Filling our rooms with sunshine and with bloom,
She lifted up our hearts from dark affliction,
And gave us joy for gloom.

In wretched homes where want and sickness hover,
And sin and anguish make their drear abode,
She shed her light, and spread her full hands over
The helpless "poor of God."

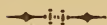
How full of love her great heart's welcome greeting
Unto her home of plenty and of peace,
Where all rejoiced in hours alas, too fleeting —
Soon, soon such pleasures cease.

O, memory, hold her dear remembrance dearer,
And freshly keep that presence in my heart,
That from the soul by faith illumed clearer,
The vision ne'er depart.

Now through the light I see the angel-faces,
In raptured sounds I hear the chorus run —
The seraph voices ringing through the spaces —
"Servant of God well done."

HAVERHILL, March 4, 1872.

BELLE.



Two years ago
A star shone on our home,
And lighted up our hearts with joy.
In radiant glow its beams were thrown
With lavish splendor, bringing no alloy
Of pain or woe.

How all our air
Was stirred by that warm light !
The flowers looked up in lovelier hue,
The wild birds carolled with delight,
Sweet music trembled all the spaces through : —
Our star was there.

And children smiled
With faces radiant then,
And songs broke out in rapture sweet ;
Gay voices echoed through the glen,
The swinging hare-bells rung where waters meet
In forests wild.

And we were blest.
Our house was filled with light,
And every room was fairer then,
And perfume rich stole through the night.
As when in dreams the dear ones come again —
The loved and best.

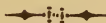
This lovely star
Was all too fair for earth,
Its light was for a purer sphere ;
We prayed that He who gave it birth
Would not recall it from its mission here,
To shine afar.

One early morn
Our house seemed dark and still,
The fair and lovely star was dim.
We heard a voice the spaces fill —
“ Shine, star of love, shine and rejoice in Him,
Where light is born.”

With vision bright,
We look into the blue
And shining firmament so fair ;
Lo, 'mid the radiance, streaming through,
Our star shines out among the loveliest there
In endless light.

HAVERHILL, April, 1872.

IN PEACE.



Behind the wavy hills, in rosy light,
The May-day sun went down in beauty rare,
And on the floating clouds in splendor bright,
The tints of glory shone refracted there.

From hills of verdure came the cool, sweet air,
Laden with fragrance of the orchard bloom ;
The twilight splendor lifted up the care
Of life's hard labor in the stifled room.

Through lanes, soft shaded by the tender green
Of young leaves springing from the graceful stem,
With white flowers glistening in the moonlight sheen,
With passive hearts, we rode from haunts of men.

We heard the sound of voices soft and clear —
The feathered songster trilling his sweet hymn ;
While from the marshes, piercing on the ear,
Came the shrill piping of the early spring.

O, sights and sounds to lull the soul to rest !
We catch the influence of the dreamy hour, —
Our grossness slumbers, and our thoughts, the best ;
Take tone and shape from Nature's plastic power.

So we pass on, enchanted by the spell
That wraps our fancy in its magic charm —
He just begun his morning hours to tell,
While *I* am toiling in the noon-tide calm.

We talk of life, so full of thought and power —
The forms and manners of this busy age ;
We talk of books, and fill the happy hour
With gems of fancy from the poet's page.

We turn us homeward, and a silent prayer
I fervent offer to the God of love.
I lift my head amid the radiant air,
And raise my moist eyes to the stars above ;

“ O, Father, keep this dear youth at my side
In thy strong arms of mercy and of grace ;
O, may he ever in thy light abide,
And in the Master's vineyard fill his place.”

“ May his young life, so full of promise now,
 Grow full of honors as the ‘ days go on,’
And when the lengthened years shall shade his brow,
 Let memory cheer him with *a work well done.*”

May 21, 1872.

THE BURIAL.

B. F. G.



Out from the homestead into the day,
Tenderly brothers, O bear him away.
Bear him away in the sunlight so sweet,
With foreheads uncover'd and soft tread of feet.

Walk by him closely, O brothers so true,
The heart that is resting beat warmly for you.
Walk by him firmly, O men as ye are,
Guard his last journey with tenderest care.

Hushed is the voice often blended in song,
Loosen'd the hand held in friendship so long :
The lov'd of your number, the joy and the pride,
How passive his rest now—and ye by his side !

Rest ye awhile, brothers, this is the place,
Let the warm sunlight fall sweet on his face.
Here by this hill-slope, O tarry ye now,
While the south wind of April plays over his brow.

We leave you, O brothers, in silence and tears,
In the pride of young manhood, the strength of your
years ;

Alone must ye be for the last rite of love —
The song-birds around you, the blue sky above.

How calmly he rests on the warm sunny slope,
In the place where ye left him in silence and hope,
Where ye laid 'neath the tenderest April sod,
A form that shall shine in the likeness of God.

April 23, 1869.

THE OLD SHIP-YARD — 1835.



Just below the “ Baptist Hill,”
Sloping toward the river side,
Where rolls to-day the busy tide
Of labor’s ceaseless ebb and flow,
The ship-yard stood — we knew it well ;
I almost think I see it still,
With shapeless timber, and smoking tar ; —
The hewer with his broad axe armed,
Hewing away with measured swell,
From Bradford shore that echoed far.

O, pleasant sounds in morning time ! —
The sawyers, sawing in pit so deep ;
The heavy blows on the wooden pin
That held the huge, oak riblets in ;
The sound of anvils, making chime
With hammer, and beetle, and sledge’s sweep ;
And ever anon the musical cry
Of carpenters, lifting a timber high,

With "hand over hand" in unison all.
O, what delight to the dreamy boy,
To creep and climb o'er the staging tall,
Deeming it then his highest joy,
To watch the growth of the mammoth side
Of the noble ship, as day by day
The steaming planks encased her bows,
That swelled aloft in graceful pride.
And now the calkers fill up the seams
With oakum and tar, till all her beams,
And decks, and hatches are water tight.
Behold, upon the shaven side,
The painter, drawing in brilliant rows
The rainbow hues in living light,
That soon shall show upon the tide,
When she has kissed her native sea.

The time has come, we've waited long
To greet ; the glorious "figure-head,"
With green and gold, in leaf and vine,
Is lifted up with tender care,
Forever in its place to shine ;
While, o'er the street, the bow-sprit strong,
Holds up its pride in lofty air.
'Tis launching day, the flags are spread
From stem and stern with streamers free ;

The busy yard is all astir
With sights and sounds we love so well !
The useless staging ruthless falls ;
With mighty heave the anchors rise ;
The notes of warning rise and swell
As loud and clear the master calls.
From roof, and tree, and platform high,
The people look with eager eyes,
And town and parish proudly vie
To raise a shout to welcome her.

The tide is flood, now drive the wedge,
To lift her weight from shore and stay !
The master stands with lifted sledge
To knock the "after block" away.
O, what a thrill is on the air,
And every eager lip is stilled,
As, coyly waiting, fresh and fair,
She proudly scorns, her form to stir.
But now the joyful air is filled
With shouts of cheering — "there she goes !"
And low she dips her mighty keel,
And parts the wave in graceful sweep,
'Mid cheers of gladness, peal on peal,
The shattered champagne seals her name ;
Adown the bows the anchors leap
With thundering crash of cable chain !

Behold her now, in mid-stream lying,
"So like a duck," the captain says ;
The banners o'er her clear deck flying,
While round her side the light wake plays.

O, speed the ship, as down she floats,
Through shallow stream to meet the sea !
O, welcome her with peaceful notes,
For lo, she comes to dwell with thee,
With thee, old Ocean, till her sides
Are dim and worn with storm and brine,
And ceaseless ebb and flow of tides !

I close my eyes ; the vision fair
Comes like some dim, half vanished dream ;
The ship-yard rises, and the throng
That shouted in the Autumn air,
When the fair ship first kissed the stream,
Make music like a childhood song.
Old voices come with saintly swell ;
My dream is gladdened with the sight
Of far-off faces, and the night
Is mellow with the pensive note,
So silver-sweet, of " Baptist bell ;"
I hear the cadence gently float —
The sounds of childhood sadly sweet,
In melting tones my senses greet.

March 1873.

IN OLDEN TIME.



I love the tales my grandsire told,
Of early days of fame and glory,
When men were strong, and deeds were bold,
And legends, rich in song and story.

I sit beside his ample hearth,
With room for every welcome neighbor ;
Here bubbled up good cheer and mirth,
The kind relief from daily labor.

From out the chimney's wainscot-wall,
A little shelf came nightly sliding,
To hold dear grandma's candle tall,
That showed her needles, deftly gliding.

The old queen's arm hung up so high,
My great-great-uncle used in battle,
At brave Crown Point and famous "Ti,"
'Mid savage shout and bullet's rattle.

That hollow gourd with handle strong,
So safely on the "dresser" lying,
For drinking-cup served well and long,
At Breton's Isle, for sick and dying.

The china in the *beaufet* showed,
With India baskets made of willow,
And through the glass door bravely glowed
A stuffed and varnished armadillo.

My grandsire sits among his friends,
And feels his power as sole dictator ;
His cheery voice its influence lends
To each good soul the sweetest nature.

For he was born in Newbury-town,
And knew the names of rich and gentry ;
His fathers to the sea went down
And brought home silks and gems in plenty.

He told of Offin Boardman's skill,
On his staunch ships, with India trading ;
Of his good wife of wondrous will,
Who sold each vessel's precious lading.

He knew the High Street dwellings all,
With India goods in every story,
And heathen gods on stair and hall,
With portraits, brave in paint and glory.

He told us of the man who made,
The giddy leap from Federal steeple ;
Of Holland Shaw,* who dearly paid
For stolen shirt, before the people ;

Of "great Lord Dexter's" silly fame, —
His foolish pranks to money turning, —
Who wrote a book with vulgar name, —
Sent warming-pans to tropics burning.

And then with tone and look more grave,
And sweep of arm, with gesture tragic,
He told us of the heroes brave
On Bunker's height, in language magic.

For *he* was there, a stripling then,
Who did his best for Newbury's glory ;
He cut the bread for the thousand men
Whom Prescott held in breastwork gory.

And there a soldier brave he knew,
As ever served on field or picket —
A colonel and a surgeon too —
And great in both — good Doctor Brickett.

*Holland Shaw, for stealing a shirt from "Stephen Coffin over the river," was paraded through the streets of Newburyport, with the stolen garment tied to his back, and amid the sound of drums, and the deriding shouts of the people, he proclaimed his theft at the corners of the streets. He preferred this mode of punishment, rather than a public whipping. — [Greenleaf's Diary in History of Newbury.]

He stood by General Putnam's side,
Where deadly balls came wildly flying,
From British ships in sullen pride,
Near Charlestown Neck, below them lying.†

He falls beneath the raking fire,
The brave, old Putnam near him lying ; —
His soul still lifted with desire
To serve the wounded and the dying.‡

He lives, and lo, in camp and field,
In deeds of love, and deeds heroic,
With strength and faith that never yield,
He wins the General's name historic.

Behold him now in peace again,
In his old home beside the river ;
His honored scars, his honored name,
O, cherish, Haverhill sons, forever !

†The famous frigate "Somerset" was one of the "British ships" that covered the landing of the British troops. She was afterward wrecked on the coast of Cape Cod, and fragments of the wreck have recently been discovered.

‡Col. Brickett, of Haverhill, was standing by the side of Gen. Putnam outside the redoubts, in the early part of the action, when a cannon ball struck the plank upon which they were standing and knocked them both down. Dr. Brickett then repaired to the north side of the hill and attended to the wounded. He suffered from the effect of the wound to the end of his life. [History of Haverhill, page 392.]

Through street and lane he makes his round,
To homes of rich, and lonely dwelling ;
In heat and cold so faithful found,
He hears the tale that grief is telling.

In after years the " Father " came
Through all the land in stately honor ;
Rich blood had sealed the country's name,
And peace and plenty smiled upon her.

Adown the street that Presence came,
With escort grand and bugles blowing ;
The old men muttering low his name,
The maids with flowers his pathway strewing.

At " Harrod's Tavern," brown and low,
He paused awhile for night's refreshing,
First waving to the crowd below
With kingly hand, a father's blessing.

The morning dawns ; from far and wide,
The people come, both sire and daughter ;
They crowd the green and mossy side
Where flows the river's peaceful water.

The boat lay moored at " Ferry way,"
Bedecked with flags and streamers gaily ;
The people knew that no delay,
Would mar the plan *he* measured daily.

The bugles sound ! “ He comes,” they cry,
Down Water street he rides so slowly,
Past noble dwellings lifted high,
And humble cottage roofs so lowly.

And proudly calm, with sword in hand,
See General Brickett nobly riding,
In front of all that escort band,
Self-poised, erect, and self-confiding.

The chief arrives ; at given word,
All “ halt ” before the crowded landing ;
One wave of General Brickett’s sword !
Behold each man bare-headed standing !

The boat moves slowly from the land,
Now moist with flood-tide gently laving ;
See Washington majestic stand,
His chapeau to his people waving !

The people raise a stifled cry,
A cheering shout, but half bewailing ;
The fishing-smacks send back reply,
And dip their scanty flags in hailing.

“ Hush,” “ stop,” “ for shame,” brave Brickett cries,
And lifts his battle sword in anger ; —
“ *Look, look* on him and feast your eyes,
Insult him not with vulgar clangor ! ”

A stillness hangs on wave and wood,
 Sublime and sweet in its completeness :
The people feel the silence good,
 And full of eloquence in meetness.

The noble cortege fades from view,
 Among the Bradford woods receding,
And every heart sends up anew,
 The words of blessing and God-speeding.

Room for these names of good renown,
 On glory's ample page historic ! —
The Greenleaf name of Newbury town,
 And General Brickett, the heroic !

HAVERHILL, Jan. 1873.

*POEM READ AT THE
BI-CENTENNIAL OF THE BRADFORD CHURCH.*



Through the dim vista of the centuries
A vision clear unfolds before my eyes,
Rich in the mellow tints some master paints
On face divine of prophets and of saints ;
Or, when on broader canvas we behold
The horizon's glory in its flush of gold,
When hill, and lake, and wood throw back the gleam,
The after-glow of day's refracted beam.

Upon the river's bank the village stands,
'Mid quiet openings, and fertile lands.
Stern, rugged men their homes have planted here,
The men who seek no rest and know no fear ;
Who suffer long for truth and conscience' sake,
Who form no creeds that they themselves will break.
Plain, simple men, who daily walk with God,
And fling defiance at the oppressor's rod ,

Amid their hamlet home a house they raise,
Rude, strong and homely, where God's praise
Ascends, awhile men clutch their old king's-arms,
Waiting on God, but quick for war's alarms.

The years roll on. Upon the other side
Of that broad stream, whose waters calm divide
The pleasant lands, behold another town
Lifts up its modest head, and like a crown
Adorns the brow of the encircling hills.
From that old seaward town, whose record fills
An honored page, they come, who, with strong hands
Lay the foundation of these "Merrimack Lands."
Ere yet a Church of Christ was gathered here,
These men and women on Lord's day appear,
In the old house on the Pentucket side,
To hold communion at the holy tide.

Then spake the pastor of the Haverhill flock,
The learned, grave John Ward, who like a shock
Of ripened corn stood in his fourscore years,
With trembling voice, and pale face wet with tears,
"Go forth, my children, blessed of the Lord,
Build ye a church, established on his word,
Bow in meek faith before his just decree,
Stand in the strength of Christ who makes you free !"

Thus in the fear of God this work began.
The youthful Symmes, devout and holy man,
Was set apart, by prayer and fasting long,
Teacher and Pastor, and, by faith made strong,
His forty years of earnest labor bless
His people with the works of righteousness.

O, age of simple faith and quiet ways,
Give back again the sweet Arcadian days !
When humble labor filled the yeoman's hands
With golden harvests from his rocky lands.
When the good housewife, with deft fingers, plied
Her willing task, the busy wheel beside.
When buxom damsels on the sampler wrought
Those homely maxims, now, alas ! untaught.
When, gather'd round the ample, glowing hearth,
Home voices mingled in good cheer and mirth,
When country Squire, in striding through the town,
Received the meek obeisance of the clown,
And children grouped along the village street,
The reverend pastor's smiling face to greet.

Calm and serene, through twice a hundred years
This Church of Christ her early faith reveres.
No preacher, in this pulpit called to preach,
A weak, diluted gospel cared to teach ;
No rich usurper, owning half the pews,

Has ever tried to ventilate his views,
And keep the minister "in durance vile"
To give *him* chance to hold the reins awhile ;
No crazy ranter, with a better way
To save poor sinners than to "watch and pray ;"
No awful threatener of the wrath of God,
Who loves *himself* to hold the avenging rod ;
No starveling pedant with his rigid rules,
All iron-clad, from cloister and from schools ;
No new disciple, with a scanty grain
Of modern science in his little brain ;—
Nay, none of these have here dissension wrought !
But truth instead, such as the Master taught,
And messages of love in mercy sent
To every lowly, burdened penitent.

O, happy church, that has no "crooked sticks,"
That knows no jars in party politics !
Whose wakeful deacons think no sermon long,
Whose leading singer never trips in song !
O, blissful pastor, when his people pay
His quarter's salary on the very day ;
Whose ladies, sewing for the Jew or Turk
Ne'er stitch a social scandal with their work.
Thrice happy parish, where the past enshrines
With fondest pride the names of old divines ;

Whose early record bears the deeds of them
Who grouped those stately letters, "A.B.C.F.M."
Whose richest pages glow with living flame
Of Annie Judson's dear, heroic name ; —
Great pioneer in that immortal band,
The star of hope to distant Burmah's land !

Him first we hail, who when his work was done,
Bequeathed his spotless mantle to his son !
Here the sweet singer, Parson Allen taught,
Here Ingraham poured out his glowing thought.
Bowed with the weight of four score years and ten,
The saintly Hoadley lingers among men.
Lo, like the Patriarch, o'er his staff he bends
And Apostolic words in blessing sends.
Names precious still these later days have blest,
O, faithful servants, early called to rest !
The learned, patient and devout Monroe,
And he, strong preacher, with Isaiah's glow.

Upon the hill in yon historic school,
Preceptor Greenleaf holds his rigid rule.
Through the dim years his face again I see,
Mark those gray eyes intently fixed on me,
Meanwhile some stubborn task I blunder o'er,
Or "speak a piece" upon the forum floor.
Strong and incisive, both in thought and speech,

Quick in his wit, by nature apt to teach,
His smile we love, but tremble at his nod,
Laugh at his jokes, but smart beneath his rod.

In that old room, across the entry way,
A stately woman sits in queenly sway
Above a realm excluded from our sight,
Save when some favored boys chance to recite
In Milton's mighty epic ! then they go
Into that presence awkwardly and slow
And there a "Paradise Regained" they find.
But should some luckless wight, with absent mind
Stumble and blush in parsing Eve's lament,
Quickly he's banished, through the entry sent,
His heart all tingling with revulsive pain,
And Paradise is lost to him again.
O, rare Preceptor, learned, quaint and true,
How many hard and knotty sums he knew ;
Yet in his life, or in, or out of school,
His parson and his doctor were his rule.
In both he trusted and in both believed —
A bitter potion, or a bitter creed.
Yet should the parson mix, by slight mistake,
Scripture and Shakspeare, with emphatic shake
Of that great head, with whisper strong,
To all the nearest pews he'd say, "*that's wrong.*"

Preceptor and preceptress, those old halls
Have long since vanished. Statelier walls
Arise, secure on learning's broader base.
But time, nor change shall e'er efface
The lines, that chiseled by your deed and thought
Into this life of ours are nobly wrought !

But, ah, what tongue or pencil e'er can trace
The mighty record of the Kimball race?
From out the myriad faces, one I see
Lifted serene, in holy charity.
He walked with God, and loved his fellow men,
Who, when reviled, answered not back again ;
Whose hands, unstained by petty trick or fraud,
Polluted not the vessels of the Lord.
Type of a race that God has deigned to bless,
Whose feet are in the ways of plenteousness,
O, name prolific, prosper and increase,
And fill the coming centuries with peace !
What words of honest praise for him await —
The true and tried, physician good and great !
With what impelling force, what purpose strong,
His work of half a century moves along.
With what a subtle power his life has wrought
Into the very fibre of our thought.
O, men and women of the coming age,

Embalm this name, a precious heritage.
To children's children yet the story tell,
" 'Twas here he lived, so wisely and so well ! "

Dear elder church, not thus serene has been
Thy checkered story, told by pious men, —
How on that First Day morn of bitter woe
The brave Rolfe perished by the savage foe ;
How thy old walls received those dreadful shocks
From teachers counted not quite orthodox.
How Barnard left the Athanasian creed,
And thought Arminius equal to his need ;
How, in his turn, the fervid Abbott preached
That by good works salvation might be reached ;
How the mild Dodge in wisdom tried to hold
These varying forces in his restless fold.

Then Phelps arose, young, strong and eloquent,
Who took the stern old creeds that Calvin sent,
And hurled them naked at the people's heads ;
Who tore all opposition into shreds,
And, with more zeal than wisdom, thundered down
The wrath of God upon the little town.
From out this bitter strife the church uprose,
Strong and serene above her direst foes.
Good men stood forth with true heroic names.
Behold among them, tireless Deacon Ames !

Whose wiry shoulders every burden took,
Who read his pastor like his spelling book,
Who loved and honored and believed him true,
And still, the right reserved to scold him, too,
But thought whene'er he "changed" for half a day.
The *other* parish good round boot should pay.

O, matchless worker, show us by what power
You filled appointments at the unvarying hour,
Held up the timid, made the lazy work,
Pitied the feeble, goarded on the shirk,
Helped out the sexton, made the singing go,
But ne'er was known to pitch a tune too low !
Unlock the casket where the secret lies
Of giving freely in self-sacrifice !
Show us the alchemy that could combine
That iron will, and woman's heart of thine !

Still other lines, O, memory's pencil trace !
Behold sweet Harriet Newell's pensive face
From out the background of the past arise,
Her young life beautiful in sacrifice !
Companion-saint with her who shares with thee
The Christian wreath of immortality !

Calm, strong and wisely just, again are seen
Those modest brothers twain, who walk serene

In the plain, narrow path their fathers trod,
Their only guide, the oracles of God.

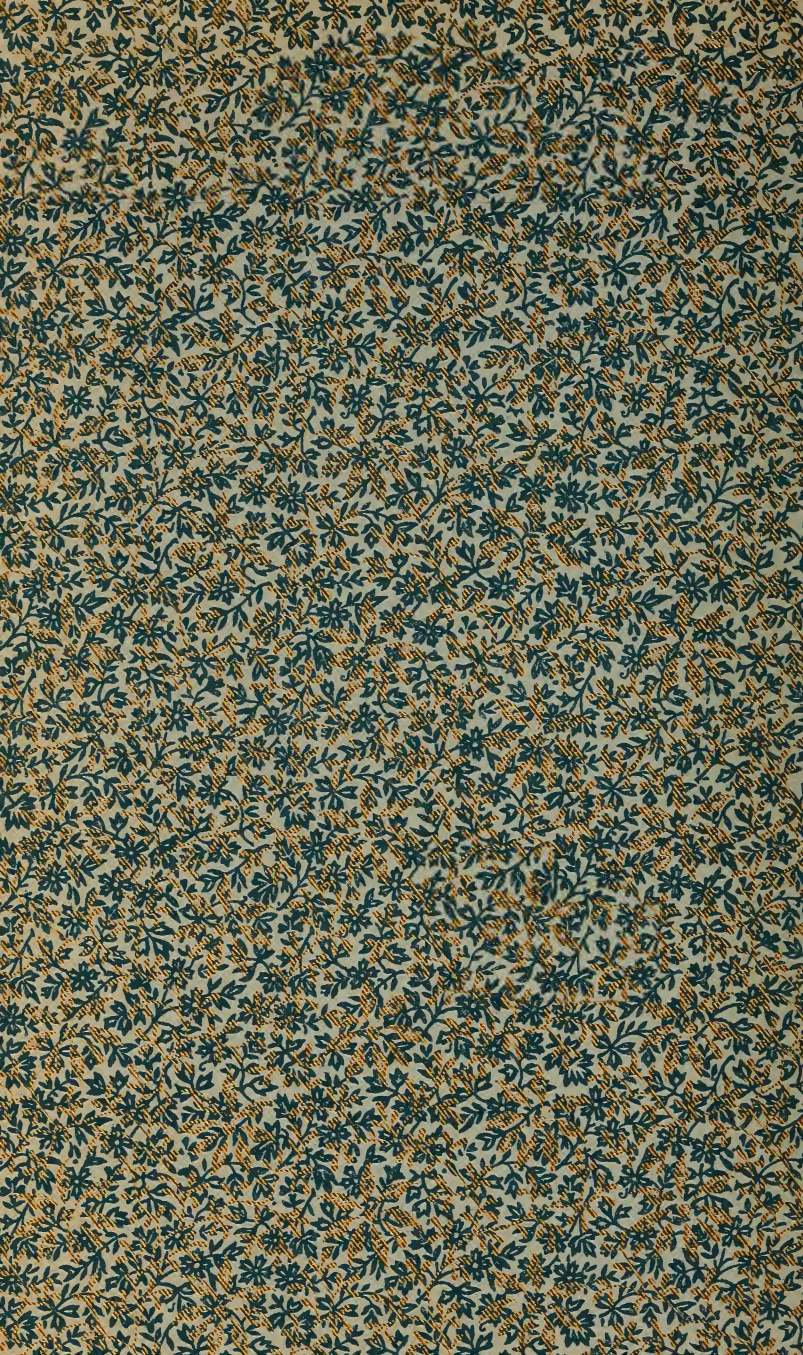
Fashioned in Nature's rarest, finest mould,
With keenest wit, and thought of purest gold,
The sainted Hosford fills his chosen place ;
A gleam of glory radiates his face !
Like that disciple whom the Master loves
Close to the Saviour's heart he lives and moves,
O, thrice exalted spirit we implore,
Look out upon us from the heavenly shore !
Lift up our drowsy souls from these dull ways,
And with thy genius fill our later days !

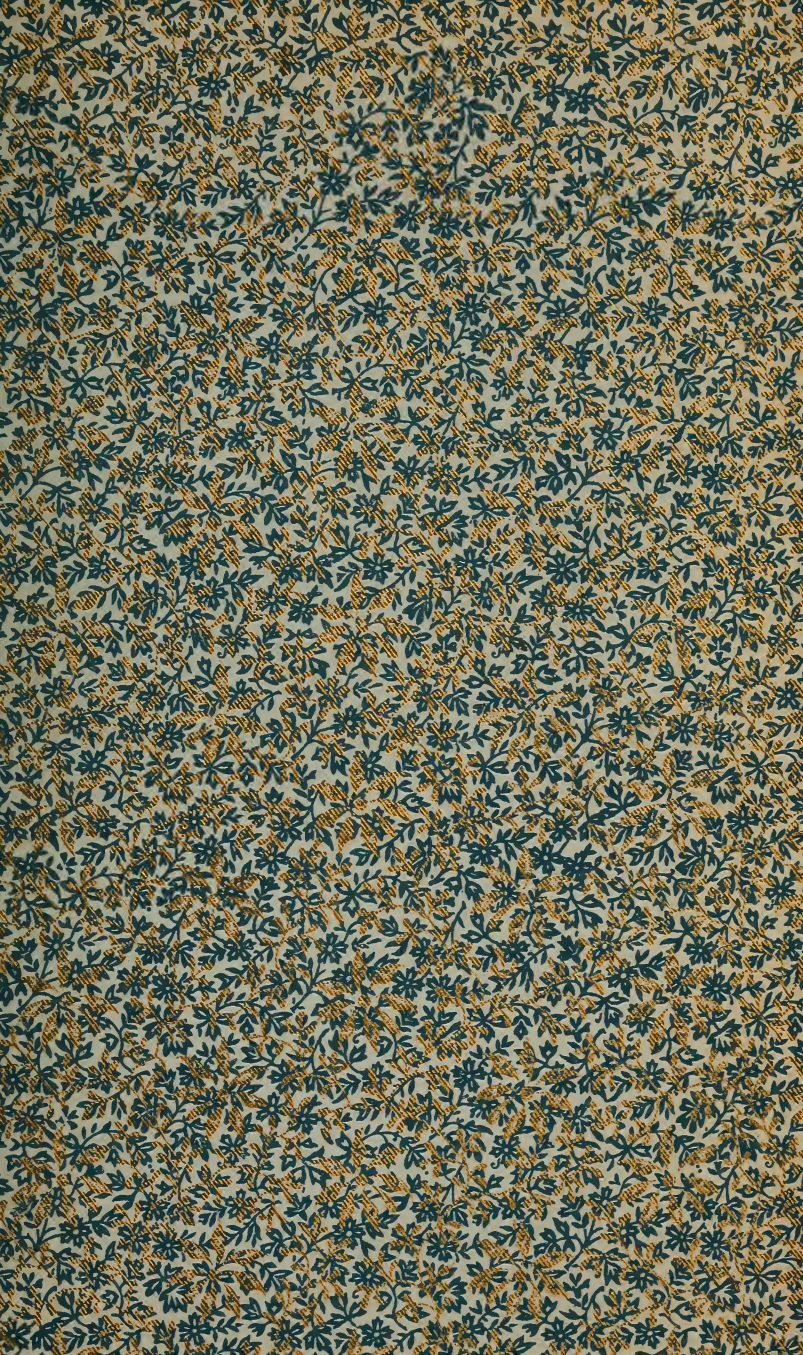
I hear a voice : — " The sands are nearly run,
The work of two long centuries is done."
On newer canvas with fresh tint appears
The sharp-lined contrast of these later years.
Instead of meeting-house so rudely made,
Behold the fluted shaft, and Greek facade.
Where frugal toil gave back a scanty fare,
Behold the merchant and the millionaire.
The farmer's daughters leave the wool and flax,
And paint instead on saucers and on plaques,
And boys too soon the easy lesson learn
To spend the money that their fathers earn.
Where once the Doctor rode the country through

In single gig — behold the coach and two !
Two solid sermons on the holy time
Our sires demanded, with a faith sublime ;
In heat or cold, with never flagging powers
They listened gravely through the lengthened hours.
The sons say, “ thirty minutes at the best,
Give us more time to study, and digest.”
The *second* sermon has been set aside,
And now we have the time to read — and ride !

O, rambling fugue, by strident voices set,
Give way for organ pipe and trained quartette !
No more shall fervid deacon dare to raise
His semi-quavers to his Maker’s praise.
No more shall rosy daughters rise to view
In bright array along the singing pew.
Sonorous chest tones revel in low “G,”
And paid sopranos strike the highest “C,”
While fresh composers give us in their score
Snatches from Martha and from Pinafore !

And yet the grand old faith remains the same,
Proclaimed in the divine Redeemer’s name
By faithful pastors, eloquent and true.
The Haverhill Church, her eldest neighbor too
Stand on the Rock the fathers built upon ;
May coming centuries rise and say — “ Well done ! ”







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 062 148 9